

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents

## DEAD LETTERS.

Every night a man comes down our  
street,  
Without a sound he comes on silent  
feet!

But every single night at two o'clock  
He creeps along, for I can hear him  
knock

At almost all the houses in his round,  
And the doors open soft without a  
sound,

And he hands in the letters then, I  
know,

For folk who died a hundred years ago.  
*Seumas O'Sullivan.*

## COLOR.

The lovely things that I have watched  
unthinking,

Unknowing, day by day,  
That their soft eyes had steeped my  
soul in color  
That will not fade away:

Great saffron sunset clouds; and lark-  
spur distance,  
And miles of fenceless plain,  
And hillsides golden-green in that un-  
earthly  
Clear shining after rain;

And nights of blue and pearl; and long,  
smooth beaches  
Yellow as sunburnt wheat,  
Edged with a line of foam, that creams  
and hisses  
Enticing weary feet—

If I am tired, I call on these to help me  
To dream—and dawn-lit skies.  
Lemon and pink, or faintest, coolest  
Hluc,  
Float on my soothed eyes:

And almond-trees in bloom; and olean-  
ders;  
And then a purple sea  
Of plain-land gorgeous with a lovely  
poison,<sup>1</sup>  
The evil Darling pea.

<sup>1</sup> Deadly to cattle, like the Texan "loco-  
weed."

And emeralds, and sunset-hearted  
opals,  
And Asian marble, veined  
With scarlet fire; and cold green jade,  
and moonstones  
Misty and azure-stained—

There is no night so black but you glow  
through it.

There is no morn so drear,  
O Color of the World, but I can find  
you  
Most tender, pure and clear.

Praise be to God Who gave this gift of  
color

Which who shall seek shall find;  
Praise be to God Who gives me strength  
to hold it

Though I were stricken blind . . .  
*Dorothea Mackellar.*

*The Spectator.*

## THE HOLLY.

The flow'rs are gone from wood and  
dell,

The moors are brown and gray,  
And mists 'mid pine-trees' purple stems  
Drift softly by to-day.

The leaves that fell in golden show'rs  
Now lie all dimm'd and dead,  
But holly wears, 'gainst coming Yule,  
Her bonny beads of red.

The rose-hips in their scarlet sheen  
Are gone from hedgerows bare,  
The spindle boughs brave plunder  
prov'd

For wing'd troops of the air,  
The ivy berries still are seen.  
Night-black they hang o'erhead,  
But 'gainst their gloom like jewell'd  
drops  
Gleam holly's beads of red.

Oh gay the Christmas wreath shall be  
With myrtle and with yew,  
With mistletoe like cluster'd stars  
Dimm'd softly by the dew,  
Oh glad be every heart the while,  
That Christmas joy is shed,  
When stor'd-up sunshine seems to smile  
From holly's beads of red.

*Augusta Hancock.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

**MAETERLINCK'S METHODS OF LIFE AND WORK.**

BY MADAME MAETERLINCK

"In endeavoring to draw the intimate portrait of any human being," writes Maeterlinck, "what can be said only very imperfectly resembles the more exact image traced by our thoughts in our mind at the moment we are speaking of him. . . . The authentic and complete personality only emerges from the shadow at the immediate contact of two lives."

Yet we are apt somewhat to distrust the judgment of our neighbors. We feel that they are by no means qualified to speak of us. We think that they are mistaken because they love us, that they cannot see clearly because they see too much! Who, then, does discern us? Do the indifferent who pass on, or the friends who remain, each one of whom looks at us through his own mentality, as through a differently colored pane of glass?

Just as one must have lived a long time in a country in order to know all its aspects, so one must for long have shared a life in order to begin to understand it, in order to penetrate beyond the first outside acquaintance, which generally reveals nothing of the real spirit. Months and years are required simply to make the tour of a character, for although it is true that one judges a human being according to the things he does, yet one knows him by the things he does not do.

For this reason it has seemed to me useful, before speaking of the biography of Maurice Maeterlinck, to say a few words about him himself and about his character.

It is not without anxiety that we inquire into the private life of those whose works have spread abroad in our soul the first gleams of truth, and who, just because of that, have been our guides, our masters and our gods. We

always have a legitimate desire to learn that they are such as we have deemed them to be. We fear to be deceived, to find defective balance, something which will diminish the figure drawn by our imagination, or the statue erected by our dreams.

On the contrary, those who know Maeterlinck are agreeably surprised by the absolute harmony that reigns between his works and his life. Indeed, the beneficent genius which smiled on his arrival in this world and appointed his original nature ordained that his instincts and his energies should take a bearing favorable to the gifts which were accorded him. With his whole will and his whole consciousness Maeterlinck achieved later on the admirable task prepared for him by destiny, so much so that the man and his work are joined together to-day, and seem to blend in one another in perfect harmony.

By wise disposition he has reduced his weaknesses, economized his strength, balanced his faculties, multiplied his energies, disciplined his instincts. He dwells in the shelter of a serene will, which keeps off all that might trouble his solitude; so far is it true that we secure little by little the co-operation of the things we have learned to dominate. One would say that all the mysterious powers of which he has so often shown a presentiment in his writings have woven between him and the world an impenetrable veil, which leaves him able to perceive the truth without allowing his repose to be interfered with. In this existence, sufficiently motionless to remain attached to movements of thought alone, each week is comparable to an ear of corn. The days, one like another, are the grains. The books are the powerful harvest.

Does this mean that he rejects all the manifestations of life? No; he accepts willingly the joy that presents itself to him; but he does not summon it, and it finds in his reason so even a balance that its light weight is not even that of a fallen flower amongst the grave thoughts which dwell in his spirit.

I have seen him tracing out a peaceful pathway through many difficult circumstances, going and coming with the same smile, where others will depart with singing and return in tears. Although the life of Maeterlinck is one which seems the most devoid of incident, yet incidents lie in wait for his repose as they watch for the repose of all men; but never to such an extent does one have the cheering spectacle of events being subdued and domesticated by the mind and the will.

I should not care to shut up Maeterlinck's existence in a detailed narrative. Indeed, when I have told you that he spends the summer in Normandy and the winter in the South, that he rises early, visits his flowers and fruits, his bees, his river, his big trees, sets to work, then returns to his garden; that after his meal he goes in for the sports he is fond of—the canoe, the automobile, cycling, or walking; that every evening the light of the lamp illumines his reading, and that he goes to bed in good time, you will not know much, for these little customs are but the vessels, larger or smaller, which hold the substance of life.

What in Maeterlinck is the intimate nature of this substance? It is meditation. He works little, if by work we mean the moments of production only, for he would think it childish to linger too long over his task. Nothing would be more contrary to his ideas and his tastes. But I know no more studious being when one thinks that, apart from the exact two hours he gives to his daily duty, no distraction of any

kind comes to interrupt the attentive, almost monotonous, unity of his days. He affords a striking example of the sort of active idleness in which is elaborated all profound work, such as is truly the space, the firmament of our moral life, the light which makes its buds unfold and its promises burst forth. It is thus in the course of walks and during silent pleasures that the work is prepared which is carried out with such strange rapidity every morning.

When one is able to follow Maeterlinck's existence step by step one gets a revelation of the formidable rôle played by the unconscious in our spirits. His work is not the result of a mental intention only; it emanates from a force which is in perpetual movement, always awake, which acts unknown to him, outside of him, and seems to take on a human voice in order to dictate those profound pages which he has written about the share which this very unconsciousness has in our thoughts.

Is not a proof of this mysterious force afforded by the almost automatic discipline which quite naturally rules his activity? For many years of our common life I have never seen him put constraint on himself. He seems to accomplish his work without trouble or effort, with the simplicity of a child which gives up its games at the hour prescribed and goes on with them as soon as allowed, without troubling about a page already begun.

Every morning, at the moment of consciousness, a window opens on to space, humanity, the eternal truths, and when it closes again the work does not therefore stop; it continues beyond action, during a walk, during the examination of the hives or a visit to the flowers. It goes on, and the horizon of thought clears, the truths come near one another like those good fairies which sometimes traverse the darkness of sleep and offer to us at our awaken-



ing the solution of the problem which our consciousness has sought in vain.

Maurice Maeterlinck was born at Ghent on the 29th of August, 1862. He came of a very old Flemish family which is traced back to the fourteenth century. His childhood was spent at Oostacker, by the side of a large maritime canal which unites Ghent with a small Dutch town called Terneuzen. Ocean-going ships seemed to glide through the garden, spreading their imposing shadow over walks full of roses and bees. So the mind of this little boy, at once grave and joyous, boisterous and meditative, as it awoke was surrounded by all the objects which were one day to tempt him to the studies and the life of a poet:—the landscape, the harvests, the flowers, the fruit, the bee-hives, the stream, and, above all, the great ships, the only events in the household life, slowly passing along laden with who could tell what cargoes, and bringing from the distance the thoughts of the far-off ends of the earth.

If these surroundings of the child seem to presage his destiny, we shall see how readily at a later time they come to mingle with his work, illustrating, so to speak, all the scenes now called to life in his dramas. The Abbey of St. Wandrille, where Maeterlinck always passes the summer, is the very realization of the imaginary castles in which he set the adventures of *Maïeïne*, of *Méïisande*, of *Alladine*, of *Ygraine*; nothing is lacking to its scenery. The ruins bathed by the river, the fountain, the jet of water, the terraces, the innumerable corridors, the monumental doors, the ancient wood-work, the cloister, the chapel and the underground passages.

But in this short sketch I cannot notice as they deserve all the favorable tokens of destiny which seem to have ever hung their garlands along the

course of our philosopher, and have contributed in no small degree to his progress towards the light. There was but one sinister reminiscence in all those years of happy wisdom, but one bitterness which marred the sweet hours of his youth. He will never forgive the Jesuit Fathers of the College of St. Barbe their narrow tyranny. I have often heard him say that he would not begin his life over again at the price of those seven years of college. In his view there is only one crime which one can never pardon: it is that which poisons the joys and destroys the smiles of a child.

His education finished, Maeterlinck entered on his legal studies. His parents wanted him to be an advocate. It was noticed at college that he had troublesome literary aptitudes which must be got rid of. The young man had his own object, but he knew how to make the best of the inevitable. He agreed to go to Paris to complete his studies; in truth he went there in search of the encouragement needful to fortify his resolution. In the capital his tastes were strengthened and his dreams made clearer. He read, visited the museums, met with the artists, and came to know the poets. The strange figure of Villiers de l'Isle Adam made an impression on his young mind which still stands out strong in his memory. He came back to Ghent with his vocation settled, and, while following the course prescribed by his father's wishes, he already in his own mind saw his way to the leisure which was essential to him. He joined the Bar of his native town and entered on legal practice. He brought to his work a very accurate mind and a special gift of practical good sense; and at the same time he took to writing, became more and more devoted to literature, and in company with his old friends, Grégoire Leroy and the fine poet Charles van Lerberghe—whom he had

loved from his earliest childhood—he contributed to several small reviews.

In 1889 Maeterlinck published a volume of verse, entitled *Serres Chaudes*. We can there see in germ many of the qualities which were developed later on in his works. These little poems, heavy with anguish and unrest, carry with them the strange atmosphere which shortly afterwards surrounded the personages of his first drama, *La Princesse Maleine*, published in 1890, on which Mirbeau, with his well-known ardor and generosity, wrote an article which suddenly revealed the young author to the whole world.

Maeterlinck continued to live at home, for he had the power of abstracting himself from all his surroundings. He is a complete stranger to the external form of his life, and will remain so until the day comes when that form can perfectly adjust itself to his tastes.

After *La Princesse Maleine* appeared in succession *L'Intruse*, *Les Aveugles*, *Les Sept Princesses*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *Alladine et Palomides*, *Intérieur* and *La Mort de Tintagiles*, dramas of anguish and unrest, wherein "the infinite, shadowy and hypocritically active presence of death fills all the spaces of the poem, and no answer is given to the problem of existence except the enigma of its annihilation."

Down to this time we have watched Maeterlinck under the shadow of all the great forces which are incomprehensible and fatal. Bending under the load of their destiny, his heroes go and come, groping their way in the darkness; they are so negative that we perceive them only by the force which destroys them. Misfortune alone strikes some sparks from their soul, and it is only at the moment of death that they seem to be aware that they breathe.

Alongside these plays there also appeared certain translations: *Ruysbroeck l'admirable*, *Les Disciples à Saïs*, *Les*

*Fragments de Novalis*, and John Ford's *L'Annabella*, and we come to his first volume of philosophical essays, *Le Trésor des Humbles*, which closes the cycle begun with *Serres Chaudes*, and gives us for the first time a glimpse of hope, a little light destined soon to expand, but which trembles at the bottom of a deep gulf.

It was reserved for Aglavaine, the first conscious heroine in Maeterlinck's work, to revive this flame and to poise her reason over the abyss of doubt. "She brought to me," writes the poet in a letter which I have before me, "she brought to me a new atmosphere, a will to happiness, a power of hope. If she does not at once triumph over the fatality which still weighs upon little Sélysette, at least she sheds light on it, and henceforth her light will direct my researches in a serene and happy and consoling course."

It is, indeed, at this point that the evolution of Maeterlinck's work is brought home to all who study it. Just as when we suddenly pass from the north to the south the fogs are reft asunder, the sky clears, the light breaks forth, the earth is all embroidered with flowers, its marvels reveal themselves to us, and now the outlines of the heroes stand out clear in the light which falls suddenly on their brow. They are native to a more courageous world, whose ideas no longer belong to the desolating truths which enjoin inaction and despair; they are modelled by hands no longer trembling, and are conceived by a spirit which doubt may hold back but cannot fetter. The veils which have long concealed the secret will have fallen off, and, if wisdom still suggests anxiety, it now appears that it is a growing light which is searching out the shadow and discovering new tears.

Maeterlinck's plays are closely bound up with his philosophy; his characters belong not only to the immediate world

which each drama puts in movement, but they define and illuminate the march of his philosophy. That is why we see them come up in different lands, peopled by different volleys and conceptions. Thus we first see in the very depths of the mist, issuing from the agonizing desires of the *Serres Chaudes*, the little dead princesses, buried in the silver flames of their enchanted hair; then in the increasing light Aglavaine conducts us from *Le Trésor des Humbles* to the threshold of *Sagesse et Destinée*, *Monna Vanna* dominates *Le Temple Enseveli*, and *Ariane* springs from it, armed with her golden key. In the same ray of light there presently appears *La vie des Abeilles*, *Joyzelle*, *Le double Jardin*, *Marie Magdaleine*, and, lastly, *L'Intelligence des Fleurs*, a romance of nature, mingled with that romance of thought *L'Oiseau Bleu*.

It is not for me to criticise or even to attempt an appreciation of Maeterlinck's work. I have indicated its progress in some respects; it may be traced as one follows a pathway which is at first somewhat sombre, but which

The Contemporary Review.

expands, clears and opens out into space. And whatever opinion of it one may hold, it seems to me that one should delight in an evolution so happy and consoling. If in his earliest writings we have seen his heroes pitilessly subjected to blind forces, irremediably crushed under the weight of their sufferings, if the unknown has taken the form of death, if in the depth of the gloom, in a cunning injustice, we have discerned the idea of the Christian God confounded with that of the Fate of the ancients, in the later period of his work the poet has not replaced painful uncertainties by illusory certainties. He has known how to guide us without falsehoods into a path of serenity, and given us hope without vain promises. He has known how, by simply looking at life as it is, to give us confidence in it, finding beauties in the humblest, joys among the most miserable, nobility in the most mediocre. On a lofty elevation he has built a temple of beauty, of love and of truth; no door forbids the entrance, no ephemeral divinity has there its dwelling.

## THE UNEMPLOYABLE AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

I once met a man rushing away out of Eastbourne as if the town were the veriest Gomorrah. He looked neither to the right nor the left as he went, but just strode on, straight up the steep narrow path that leads from above the workhouse on to the Downs. Excepting for his shoes, which showed signs of hard wear, he was quite decently clad in better-class artisan clothes; and there was an air of undoubted respectability about him. None the less, that he was both down on his luck and at war with his kind was evident. For his face was that gray-blue white that always tells its own tale, while in his eyes there was a something that made one

think instinctively of Ishmael.

He was a saddler by trade, I found. He had worked for fifteen years for one master, and had then been turned adrift because that master had nothing for him to do—motor-cars need no harness. He had been on the road for months, trudging about from place to place seeking vainly for a job, earning nothing, of course, the while. And he had a wife and children at home dependent on him for their daily bread. The end had come that day: he was penniless, and he had not had a square meal for a week. For the first time in his life he had betaken himself to a casual-ward—the Eastbourne ward; he had

made his way right up to its very threshold. Then his heart had failed him; for it was Sunday night—the tramps' great night—and enter the place with the motley crew he found gathered around its gate he could not. Better than that, sleep on the Downs, even though sleeping there meant going supperless, even though it meant, too, perhaps, something beside. For it was a night on which even the strongest and best-fed could hardly sleep on the Downs with impunity. It was bitterly cold; the wind was in the east, and a drizzling rain was falling. That half-famished man must have known, when he turned away from the casual-ward door, that he was taking his life in his hand; he must have known that the chances were there would be one man less to work in the world on the morrow, and one widow the more with her children for the ratepayers to support.

The saddler was, of course, no typical unemployed: for every unemployed there is of his sort, there are probably a dozen at least of the sort he loathed the idea of consorting with—the sort that go to casual-wards right gladly, and trouble themselves much more about the quality of the "grub" there than about the manners and morals of those whom they encounter. Life is sweet even when one is unemployed; and the men who deliberately choose to face the risk of sleeping out in the rain rather than go to a casual-ward are few and far between. The majority of working-men, even of the thoroughly respectable class, undoubtedly accept the State's hospitality, if they find themselves penniless while on the tramp looking for work. They have too much common-sense to do otherwise, it may be argued. They hate going to a casual-ward, especially going for the first time; that is for many of them a terrible trial, something quite heart-breaking, but they go none the less.

And what is the result? That is precisely what I was once asked by a foreign Poor Law administrator, who was inspecting one of those little iron cages in which, in some districts, casuals are set to break stones. "To shut up a man in an iron cage is to treat him as if he were a wild beast," this foreign official remarked incidentally. "Now, can any man retain any shred of his self-respect if he goes of his own free-will to a place where he is thus treated—where he is treated as a wild beast?"

According to him, and forty years' experience in Poor Law work gave him the right to speak on the subject with authority, no decent man could sojourn even once in this casual-ward—it is regarded officially as a model ward—without being degraded, and therefore losing in personal value both to himself and to the State. No matter how worthy he was when he went, how industrious and self-respecting, he would be less worthy when he left, less hopeful, less alive to his duty to himself and to his fellows, more indifferent as to what became of him, and therefore, of course, less inclined to do honest work. So at least this expert thought. He, I feel pretty sure, would have argued, had the point been referred to him, that the saddler, in choosing to sleep on the Downs, had chosen the better part.

Our whole casual-ward system struck him, I found, as being positively stupid, besides being most wasteful. It is a system under which paupers are practically manufactured, he maintained; and what could be more stupid, or more wasteful, than for a State to manufacture paupers, seeing that, when they are manufactured, they must be provided with board and lodging? And when, a few days later, we met a procession of the unemployed, dangling boxes for alms, he professed to regard it as proof that he was right in his contention.

To many of us, this system seems not only stupid and wasteful, but also the

very essence of cruel and unjust topsy-turveydom. Casual-wards, it must be remembered, are maintained at the cost of the community for the benefit of the unemployed. Yet, thanks to the lines on which they are organized, it is only the more worthless of the unemployed who derive any real benefit from them. It almost seems, indeed, as if they were organized for the express purpose of securing that the worthless, and the worthless alone, should derive benefit from them. The drunken lazy rogue, whose business in life is loafing and pilfering, and the steady working-man who is striving his hardest to bring up his family respectably, are quite on a par in the eyes of casual-ward officials: they are regarded and treated in precisely the same fashion from the moment they cross its threshold. The result is, of course, the rogue is treated much better than he deserves to be treated, and the decent man much worse: the former thinks as little of going to a casual-ward as most of us think of going to a hotel, while nothing will induce the latter to go there at all unless face to face with starvation. Thus, contrary to every law of good policy, to say nothing of any higher law, a premium is actually put on roguery in these places, as the worse a man is the more comfortable he feels when there.

Then, as the very *raison d'être* of casual-wards is to help men who are temporarily destitute because out of work, common sense would suggest, surely, that these institutions should help them, and in the only way in which they can be helped effectually—*i.e.* help them to find work, help them to keep themselves fit until work is found. Yet this is precisely what casual-wards do not do. A man who goes there is not helped to find work; on the contrary, he is often hindered from finding it; for even though he goes only for one night, he may be detained two days; and dur-

ing these days be forced to do work—oakum-picking, for instance—that renders him useless as a handicraftsman for a week. And when he leaves, he is not even told where—if anywhere—work is to be had in the district. For, absurd as it may seem, labor-bureaux are not attached to our casual-wards. Although the path on the right may lead to work that is waiting to be done, the chances are even that, through sheer ignorance, he may turn down the path on the left, and thus miss a job. If he is one of the loafer tribe, this is, of course, a matter of no importance to him; but if he is—and he may be—a decent man, who is eating out his very heart because he must remain idle while those dependent on him are lacking bread, it is a matter of very great importance—a matter, indeed, it may be, of life and death.

Nor do casual-wards even help to keep fit those who sojourn there, unless indeed they be regular sojourners—men who tramp from ward to ward year in year out, excepting when they happen to be in prison or in the workhouse. For these men the casual's task is a light one; for they have, by dint of practice, learnt the knack of doing it easily. I remember seeing one day, in a London ward, two men sitting twirling their thumbs quite early in the afternoon. The one, as the other, had already broken his allotted portion of stones, and might seemingly have done one twice as heavy without undue fatigue. They were "regulars," of course; it is the men who are not who suffer. For an artisan, or indeed anyone who does not know the knack, stonebreaking is terribly hard work. I doubt whether any man ever broke a casual's portion for the first time without straining every muscle of his back and arms. Meanwhile, the food he receives is hardly of the kind to increase his strength; and as for the sleeping-place prepared for him, as likely as not



he cannot sleep in it. Thus, no matter how tired he may be with tramping round when he goes to the ward, he is probably still more tired when he leaves it. And this besides—if he is a decent man—being more downhearted, thanks to the feeling of shame he has at having been in such a place; thanks, too, perhaps, to his temper being ruffled and his nerves set ajar by forced companionship with the degraded. A first sojourn in a casual-ward, in fact, instead of making the sojourner more fit, makes him less fit, and therefore brings him one step nearer being unemployable, as well as unemployed. Thus it starts the process by which, barring accidents, he will, as time goes on, be transformed into a pauper. For that, when once he is unemployable, he will sooner or later become a pauper is a foregone conclusion.

That foreign Poor Law official, who was so terribly shocked at seeing casuals in iron cages, was also completely puzzled: all his preconceived notions of us as a common-sense, business-like nation were evidently upset. For to him it was simply inconceivable that any common-sense, business-like nation should choose deliberately to spend money on maintaining places that are practically training-colleges for the workhouse. He would have been even more puzzled than he was, however, had he known that, not content with helping the unemployed to become paupers, we do nothing to hinder men, women, and children from becoming unemployed; nay, that we actually allow children to be bred up to be unemployed, and men and women to drift, through lack of a helping—or a restraining—hand, into being not only unemployed, but also unemployable. And this at the very time we are all going about wringing our hands because the unemployable and the unemployed do increase and multiply!

Quite recently I was staying in a

country district—one that is, in many respects, a model district. There were good elementary schools there, and the children were not only well taught, but intelligent. They could read and write and reckon, I found. They knew some history, some geography, too, and many things besides. Their heads had, to a certain extent, been trained in fact, as trained they, of course, ought to be; but unfortunately their fingers had not. Not a single boy in those schools had received, or would receive, any training whatever in trade or handicraft. There are, indeed, no arrangements in force in the district for giving technical training to anyone. The result is, every boy when he leaves school goes to work either on the land where the most he will ever earn is seventeen shillings a week, or in the brickfields where he may in time earn twenty shillings. They all go to swell the ranks of unskilled labor, in fact, with every chance of drifting later into the ranks of the unemployed. For as their wits are too sharp for them to rest content with their meagre wages, they are fairly sure, most of them, to make their way sooner or later into some town, in the hope of bettering themselves. And what the result of this proceeding is, as a rule, in the case of the unskilled, hunger-marches show.

Now, what is going on in these villages is going on, in a more or less degree, in most villages in England; while it is also going on, in an even worse form, in almost every town. There are countries where boys who live in towns are forced to go to night-schools for technical teaching until they are eighteen, or even twenty; but here they need never enter a night-school, need never enter a school of any sort, indeed, from the day they are fourteen. Time that they ought to spend, and would spend, were they Germans or Swiss, on fitting themselves for their work in life, they are allowed to spend



in the streets, playing the hooligan, to the woe and desolation of their neighbors. Even in London, so far as one can make out, only some twenty-five per cent. of the County Council school children have any technical training whatever, either before they leave school or after. Thus, year by year three out of every four of the thousands of these boys and girls who leave school are turned out into the world without ever being taught any calling, or being fitted in any way to earn a decent living. The girls can neither clean nor wash, nor even cook, although they may have spent a few hours at a cookery class and watched a demonstrator manufacture sweet cakes. They cannot even make their own clothes, but must, out of their scant earnings, pay some one to do so for them. Girls and boys alike are set to work at once, as a rule, to gain money for their parents. The girls become "datuls," for the most part, or go to a factory; while their brothers hawk newspapers, run errands, or do odd jobs. They are trained up to be casual laborers, in fact, and are never given the chance of being anything else. Yet in this our day, for months every year, "casual laborer" is synonymous with "unemployed" almost as often as not—more often than not, perhaps, in the case of a man over forty. Some of these children, indeed, are unemployed from the first. Only the other day a fine handsome lad begged of me. He left school a year ago, and since then has been just playing about, living on snacks. The result is, he is already, at fifteen, a professional unemployed; and by this time next year will probably be an unemployable. To allow this sort of thing to go on is practically to play recruiting-officer for the army of the unemployable unemployed.

Bad as the state of things is with the children who are normal, it is infinitely worse, of course, with the children who

are not. Inside workhouses, as outside, there are great strong fellows by the hundreds who lounge about the whole day long doing nothing—living on the labor of others. They are feeble-minded, epileptics, perhaps, who are unemployable simply because, when they were children, no one took the trouble to teach them how to use their fingers without much help from their brains. There are dozens of workhouses where unemployables of this sort are being regularly manufactured; where children who show signs of mental weakness, instead of being specially trained, are just turned loose into the old people's wards and are left there. Again and again I have found in workhouses strong and physically healthy boys and girls who were receiving no education whatever, although they were quite capable of being taught some handicraft by which they might later have earned their own living. And the whole community, with the State at its head, stands aside and does nothing, while children by the legion, normal as abnormal, who might if properly cared for develop into self-respecting, self-supporting citizens, able to do good work in the world both for themselves and the community, are being put in the way of developing into unemployable unemployed—men who get no good out of life for themselves, and are an endless source of worry and expense to their fellows. Little wonder foreigners who see these things are at a loss to understand how we ever came to be regarded as a common-sense, business-like nation.

Then we are every whit as heedless in our dealings with the fathers and mothers of these children as we are in our dealings with the children themselves. The majority of the unemployed are, as we can see for ourselves, always more or less unemployable; and the overwhelming majority of the unemployable are unemployed because the

State has failed in its duty towards them. They have some defect, physical or moral, and they ought to have been, but have not been, helped to overcome it. This is the sort of thing that happens every day.

A man presents himself at a hospital with an out-patient's ticket. He is in the first stage of consumption; and could he be taken off straight to a sanatorium, he would probably be cured in six months. The chances are, however, it will be a month before an in-door patient's ticket can be obtained for him, and even then he must wait until there is an empty bed. The consequence is, when he arrives at the sanatorium, he is already in the incurable stage; and although he may linger on for years, spreading infection around him the while, it will be only as an unemployable. And as it is with consumptives so it is with sufferers from other diseases. Probably a good third of the younger men and women who are to-day physically unemployable, are unemployable because they were not properly cared for when their strength first began to fail them. That this is the fault of the State can hardly be denied; for it ought, if only for the ratepayers' sake, to see that the stricken are properly cared for—to see, in the case of consumptives, that they have sanatoria to which they may betake themselves while still in the curable stage.

Then, certainly a good third more of the unemployable are unemployable because they are badly fed—fed on badly cooked food. Not one Englishwoman in fifty can cook a decent dinner: her only idea of a dinner, indeed, is a fried steak or chop, with boiled potatoes. She can, as a rule, neither stew, nor bake, nor make a pudding; and were you to suggest to her that she should try a sheep's head—the cheapest of all savory dishes—she would look at you in amazement. The truth is, for the

average Englishwoman cooking is a terrible business; she has no more natural bent for the work than she has for playing the violin; and she simply wastes, through sheer blundering, the greater part of the money she spends on food. Both she and her husband, therefore, no matter how much he may earn, are always badly fed, to the detriment not only of their health and strength, but of much besides. For the underfed are always prone to drink, and nothing makes either men or women unemployable quite so soon as drink. Now, although it would not be easy to teach English girls to cook well, they could be taught, of course, if trouble enough were taken; and were it not that the State fails in its duty to them, they would be taught, to the great advantage of the national physique, and thus of the ratepayers' pockets.

It is in our dealings with the morally unfit, however, that we are most heedless of all, most inconsequent.

A woman who had never begged in her life before was driven into begging some little time ago. Her head was all in a whirl, she said; and little wonder, for she had had nothing but bread to eat for months, and even the bread had often run short. For the family income was only seven shillings a week, the earnings of her eldest son; and out of that she must feed six hungry children, as well as her husband and herself, and must provide fires, lights, and soap, to say nothing of rent, clothing, and shoes. Nay, she must even spare sixpence from time to time for her husband, that if he heard of a vacant place he might go and see if it would suit him.

This husband had joined the unemployed class some three years before. He was a skilled artisan, and might have earned good wages had he chosen; but as he had acquired, during a long spell of unemployment, a marked taste

for loafing as well as for drinking, he did not choose. Again and again work had, for his wife's sake, been found for him; but each time it was found he had made a point of losing it; and he was going about from public-house to public-house just earning enough to keep himself well supplied with drink by giving a helping hand. He knew that his wife and children were practically starving; but that did not worry him one whit; for he knew that his wife would rather starve—let her children starve, too—than either apply for poor relief or allow any action to be taken against him; and that therefore he could drink and loaf with impunity, the Children's Charter notwithstanding. For in the eyes of the law it is in itself no crime for a man to refuse to work, no matter how poor he may be; no crime for him to spend on drink money that ought to be spent on providing his wife and children with food. He may, whenever the fancy seizes him, throw up a good job, and take to living as one of the leisuredly on cadging. No one has the right to say that he must work; no one has the power to force him to work, so long as he can keep out of casual-wards and the workhouse. He may be drunk, too, every night of his life; and so long as he remains in his own home, and does not make an uproar, no one interferes with him. Nay, he may even have delirium tremens as often as he chooses; and every time he has the community must provide him gratis with nurses, doctors, and medicine. He is practically free, in fact, so far as the State is concerned, to demoralize himself and to turn himself into a complete unemployable—and not only himself, unfortunately, but to a certain extent his wife and children also. And there is a goodly company of men in our midst who avail themselves to the full of this freedom, men who, through loafing and drinking, do actually make themselves unemploy-

able, their wives and children too, so far as they can. Meanwhile, we, as a community, just stand aside and do nothing whatever to prevent them.

What renders the more irrational the attitude we assume in this matter is the fact that England is one of the two countries where the right to relief exists. Any man—it is the same with a woman—who cannot support himself must, the law decrees, be supported by the community. He has the right, the moment he is destitute, not only to sojourn in casual-wards, but to betake himself to a workhouse, and live there, at the expense of the ratepayers, as long as he chooses. No matter how worthless he may be, we must house him, feed him, and clothe him, at a cost, if in London, of some two shillings a day, unless he be very robust. There is no charity in this; it is a matter of law; we cannot, whether we wish it or not, leave him to starve. This being the case, common-sense would suggest, surely, that we should take good care that he did not become destitute unnecessarily. Were we really a business-like nation, far from standing aloof while men, women, and children become destitute and pauperized through becoming unemployable and unemployed, we should, for our own sakes—for the sake of our own pockets—strive our hardest to keep them employable, whether employed or not; and to keep them unpauperized, even when destitute. We should not always succeed, of course; let us strive as we might we should no doubt have unemployables, and therefore paupers, among us. Still, if we did our striving heartily and skillfully, we might reduce their numbers very considerably—from tens of thousands to thousands, perhaps, if not to hundreds. This we know by the experience of nations that are business-like.

We should have to begin with the children, of course, for it is only by

cutting off its supply of recruits that the ranks of the great army of the unemployable can ever be permanently reduced. We should have to make it a crime, as it already is in South Australia, Switzerland, and elsewhere, for parents not to do their best for their children—to refuse to work for them, to drink to their detriment. Both in Hungary and in South Australia every child that is not being properly cared for—not being put in the way of developing, so far as he can, into a useful citizen, capable of serving his country and earning his own living—may by law be taken possession of by the State. His parents forfeit at one fell swoop all their rights so far as he is concerned, although they must if they can defray the cost of his maintenance under penalty in South Australia of imprisonment with hard labor. In half the countries in Europe now, children who go to school are provided not only with proper food, if they need it, but also with proper clothing—at the cost of their parents, of course, unless the parents be quite destitute.

All this that other nations do we should have to do, if bent on keeping our children from growing up to be unemployable. Nor would this be enough. Every County Council schoolboy who had his fair share of wits would have to be taught a skilled calling; he would have to be either apprenticed, or given some sort of technical training, before he was turned loose into the world. Even those lacking in wits would have to be taught to do something, though it were only to hew wood or draw water. Girls, too, would have to be fitted for their business in life. We should have to put a stop to their being sent out as "datals," or factory-hands, at fourteen, before they know anything—even how to scrub. We should have to do for them what the Berliners do for their girls.

In Berlin even a Poor Law girl is not

expected to fend for herself until she is sixteen; and before that time comes she is carefully fitted to fend for herself successfully. As soon as she is twelve she is taught to cook and wash, and sew and clean; and from fifteen to sixteen she must spend the greater part of every day at a housewifery school, where she practises, under the surveillance of experts, what she has learnt. Not only has she to prepare dinners, but she has to plan them, and to try to make each one of them as good as possible on a very small sum of money—the sum an average working-man can afford to spend on his dinner. Then she is carefully trained to do fine laundry-work and needlework, to darn stockings, cut out her own clothes and make them, and even to trim her own hats. Thus, when the time comes for her to start in life, she is already a skilled worker as well as a good housewife; and when she marries she can make her home comfortable, and can feed her husband well, even though he be earning wages which, had he an English wife, would spell desolation all round. And this is a much more important point than it may seem; for a comfortable home, combined with good food, does more than anything else towards keeping men and women alike employable, by keeping them free from temptations to drink. In Switzerland, peoples' kitchens—*i.e.* restaurants where wholesome, well-cooked, well-flavored food is sold at cost price—rank as institutions that make for temperance, and are therefore subsidized by the State. And the Swiss are the most business-like of all nations—the nation that is battling the most successfully against unemployableness.

If all our County Council schoolboys were made, so far as in them lies, into skilled workers, and all our girls into good housewives, the unemployable unemployed crowd would soon begin to dwindle. Still, even then it would re-

main a huge crowd, unless more were done than is done both for the physically and the morally unfit.

Our sick-relief system is in sore need of reorganization; for although it is extremely good in some respects, it is extremely bad in others. It is sheer folly to keep men waiting until they are incurable, and then waste time and money on trying to cure them. We ought to have ten times as many sanatoria for consumptives alone as we have; and, even from the financial standpoint, the investment would be a good one if we straightway built them, especially if we built them, not in the palatial style so dear to many of our hearts, but in the humble fashion in which such places are built in Germany. It would be a good investment, too, were we to organize for cripples, epileptics, and the feeble-minded, colonies where they would be able, partially at any rate, to support themselves. As things are, most of these semi-unfit are either in workhouses, where they are supported entirely by the ratepayers, or among the unemployed—a burden on the charitable.

It would certainly pay us in the long run, both financially and in other ways, were we to increase the number of our medical officers, and make it their duty to hunt up patients instead of waiting for patients to hunt them up. English working-men are not as a rule given to malingering: the danger with them, indeed, is that they make too little of their ailments rather than too much, and are already fatally stricken before ever they think of seeing a doctor. A timely word of warning, a little expert advice, might save many a man from a sharp attack of bronchitis or rheumatic fever—might save him, in fact, from becoming unfit, and therefore, perhaps, permanently unemployable. And it is manifestly to the interest of the community—besides being its duty—to save every man who can be saved from be-

coming unemployable, seeing that otherwise it has to support him. Then we certainly ought to have a system of insurance against invalidity; and this fortunately we are to have before long, it seems. There has been one in force in Germany already for years, to the benefit of the whole nation.

It is not alone for the physically weak that more care is needed than they have; it is needed also, and even more urgently, for the morally weak. During the American war in the 'sixties, certain negroes, on receiving their freedom, promptly refused to work, and took to lounging about in the streets with their hands in their pockets. Whereupon General Sherman, who was in command of the district, summoned them before him, and told them roundly that, if they thought being free meant being free not to work, they were hugely mistaken. All that it really meant, he assured them, was being free to choose what sort of work they would do. It would be well if we had a General Sherman to teach that lesson here; but before he could teach it the law would have to be altered. For here, as we have seen, a man is actually free not to work, even though he be penniless; just as he is free practically to drink himself into imbecility. And his freedom in these respects ought certainly to be curtailed, for his own sake as well as for the sake of the community.

Men who will not work when able to work, and without the means of supporting themselves and those dependent on them, ought to be sent to penal colonies, where they could be forced to work. This is a point surely on which there can be no doubt whatever. And men who are drunkards ought to be sent, without any inquiries being made as to whether they wish it or not, to colonies for inebriates, where they would have no opportunity of drinking. They would be given the chance there



of turning over a new leaf and becoming decent members of society; and meanwhile they would be earning their own living, instead of being, as they are now, a burden on their fellows. For Switzerland has proved that loafers and drunkards alike are often delivered from their infirmities while in these colonies, safe from all temptation either to loaf or to drink. She has proved, too, that these colonies when properly managed are self-supporting—a strong reason for inaugurating here the colony system. The ranks of the unemployed would soon be reduced very considerably if every man who, being out of work and destitute, refused work offered him under fair conditions, could be sent to a penal workhouse until he mended his ways. And so would the ranks of the unemployable, if every man found drunk while those dependent on him were in want could be sent to a colony for inebriates.

Technical training for the young, compulsory evening classes, sanatoria, insurance against invalidity, people's kitchens, penal colonies, and colonies for inebriates, are undoubtedly all good weapons wherewith to fight against unemployableness; and against unemployableness we must fight if the unemployed problem is ever to be solved. There is another weapon, however, that we ought to have, and must have, if we are to fight successfully; and that is reformed casual-wards—casual-wards of the sort there are in Switzerland, Austria, and parts of Germany.

A casual-ward ought, of course, not to be, as it is here, a place where men are pauperized—a mere stepping-stone to the workhouse. On the contrary, it ought to be a place where men are helped in all possible ways to struggle against pauperization. Its purpose, it must be remembered, is to help men who are out of work to find work, and to help them to keep themselves fit until work is found. Common-sense,

therefore, would say surely that in every casual-ward there should be a labor-bureau, in which all comers could find out at once where, if anywhere, work was to be had in the district; and that all these labor-bureaux should be in communication with the national bureau in London, from which accurate information might be obtained concerning the state of the labor-market throughout the kingdom. Common-sense would say, also, that in casual-wards men should be given wholesome nutritive food to strengthen them, and should be provided with beds on which to lay their weary bones. It might suggest even that they should, while there, be allowed to rest instead of being called upon to work; and that they should be given the chance of furbishing up their clothes, so that when the time came for them to start off on the tramp again, they might not only feel fit, but look respectable. Then what it certainly would suggest, and not only suggest but insist upon, is that casual-wards should be reserved exclusively for genuine work-seekers.

No man ought to be allowed to enter a ward unless he can prove that he has been in regular work within three months: this is a rule in force in all Continental casual-wards, and it works easily and well. No man ought to be allowed to cross the threshold of any such place if he is known to have been drunk, while professing to look for work; or, being out of work, to have refused work offered him under fair conditions. Casual-ward doors must be closed inexorably against the whole work-shirking tribe, if only for the sake of the work-seeker. A penal colony, or a prison, is the place for a work-shirker; a casual-ward ought to be kept as a refuge to which decent men, when overtaken by misfortune, may go without losing their self-respect. Otherwise it serves no useful purpose at all, and the money spent on it is wasted.



If we could have a reformed casual-ward in every district the battle against unemployableness would be half won—so far, at any rate, as the genuine adult unemployed is concerned.

The State cannot secure its members against unemployment unless, indeed, it be prepared to face the risks entailed by providing them with unproductive employment. No matter how well it may be organized, or how carefully its fiscal system may be framed, it will still have industrial crises to face, seasons of depression, when its streets will be thronged with men seeking vainly for work. It could, however, if it would, do for them something better;

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for it could secure each one of them, so far as in him lies, against unemployableness; and it is a harder fate to be an unemployable than to be an unemployed. It could also help them to secure themselves against much of the suffering unemployment now entails; for it could, if it would, and surely it will before long, organize for their benefit a national system of insurance against unemployment. And when the State has done what it can do, the unemployed problem, even though unsolved, will soon cease to be the great problem; and ratepayers will have cause for rejoicing.

Edith Sellers.

## THE SEVERINS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Clotilda was in London again and Tom was with her. They had come back for good, they said, and were looking for a small house that for a small rent would give them every advantage of town and country. Meanwhile they were staying at the corner house, and were enjoying themselves hugely.

"Isn't this air delicious?" said Clotilda as she walked down the Strand with her husband and brother after a *matinée* one July afternoon when the heat and dust made a yellow fog. "It agrees with me better than any air there is, and I would rather hear a motor-bus than a blackbird, because it means that I am in London again. Life is not life anywhere else. I should like to kiss that little boy selling *Globes*. Give me sixpence, Tom; I want to buy one."

Tom Crewe had not come back to lead an idle life, he said. He was looking for a business opening, and as

he had brought back a small capital he expected to find one. Like his wife, he was delighted to be in England again. Clotilda had not sobered down much, but her husband seemed to watch her sallies with amusement, and she seemed to know that, good-natured as he was, he had his eyes open. She was prettier than ever, better dressed, just as ready for an hour's flirtation, just as indifferent when the end of the hour came and the victim had to make his bow. Both the boys of the Crescent, Messrs. Jenkins and Henderson, were hovering round her again, and in the evening she sang to them and played duets and trios with them as she used to do. In fact, the corner house was itself again. Clotilda turned it topsy-turvy, upsetting its lightly founded method, making havoc of its new rules, keeping it up late, filling it with music and laughter, making Michael laugh as he had not done since she left.

"But, my dear girl, I have to be up

early and do a day's work," he said, when the trios went on into the small hours. "As for Messrs. Jenkins and Henderson, how do you suppose they will get on at their desks to-morrow?"

"Oh, it does you good," vowed Clotilda. "Who wants to live by the clock all the year round? Just enjoy what the hour brings you, Michael. Let yourself go. You never have yet, I'm sure. You've bottled up all your feelings and all your wishes and worked hard and kept yourself in order till . . ."

"Till what?"

"Oh, ask Vesuvius!" said Clotilda, and ran to something else.

But she had frightened Michael, because he knew that she was right. All the years of self-control behind him seemed of little help now. Love laughed and stayed, and took full possession, waxed stronger every day, and when driven out by a supreme effort looked him in the face a moment later more vivid and enthralling than before. Michael hated himself and fought with himself, and began to look ill and worn. When he was with Clara he was either absently polite or eagerly anxious to please and make amends; but so far she saw nothing wrong. Clotilda, he found, did not approve of his forthcoming marriage.

"I shall bid you a fond farewell on your wedding-day," she said. "I shall tell every one in future that I have one brother, and that his name is Bob."

"What do you mean?" said Michael.

"It doesn't matter to me, because I have Tom. You and Clara will be charming acquaintances. We shall meet at Christmas and sometimes at a family dinner. But I'm sorry for Sophia and Camilla, because they are both wrapped up in you. Besides, Camilla is charming. It is shameful to snub and ostracize her. I know what I shall do. Tom must make pots of money, and for Camilla's sake I shall become a climber."

"I wish I knew what you were talking about," said Michael.

"Runner beans won't be in it with me . . . you'll see what I can do if I'm driven, Michael. I shall push and hustle and intrigue my way into society. . . . Charity does it, you know . . . push and charity. . . ."

Clotilda suddenly stopped. The absurdity of the picture struck her, and she ended with a low rippling laugh that was infectious and made Michael laugh too.

"No, I really couldn't," she said. "I couldn't be serious about it. But Clara makes me mad."

"My dear girl, what do you know of Clara? How often have you seen her?"

"Three times . . . and I never want to see her again."

"How are you going to help it when she is your sister-in-law?"

"In any other capacity I might like her," said Clotilda, "but a supercilious sister-in-law is insufferable."

"You mustn't put all the blame on Clara," said Michael. "If you will have Mrs. Ginger on your front doorstep you can't expect people like Clara to approve . . . and there were other things."

"There always will be," said Clotilda. "Selma, for instance. . . . What does she make of Selma?"

"She never speaks of her," said Michael.

"She would be sure to take the wrong tone if she did. However, when Selma comes back we shall see."

"Does she talk of coming back?" asked Michael, looking rather startled. "She has not even written for a long time. You know how mother frets about it. We don't know whether she is still in Paris."

"She will come back one of these days," said Clotilda. "Those violent friendships always have violent ends."

It was shortly after this conversa-

tion that Mrs. Severin received an invitation from Mrs. Walsingham asking the whole family, including Mr. and Mrs. Crewe, to dine there "quietly" on the following Tuesday.

"That means there will be no one to meet us," said Clotilda.

"I am glad of that," said Mrs. Severin. "I suppose Michael will wish us to accept, but I would much rather stay at home. I feel uncomfortable with Clara and her people. I don't like grandeur."

"Oh, we may as well go," said Michael, when he was told of the invitation, but he would not have been human if he had felt gratified by it. He went to so many dinners at Rutland-gate and met so many dull, prosperous people there that the inner meaning of this one could not escape him. When you ask a whole family in a bunch and no one else you are either so fond of them that you want them to yourself, or you do it because you think you ought to entertain them and will not inflict them on your friends. However, this was a conviction that could not be expressed in either household, and when Tuesday arrived the five people from the corner house found themselves at dinner time in the drawing-room at Rutland-gate. There was, as Clotilda had prophesied, no one to meet them.

"We are quite 'by ourselves,'" said Mrs. Walsingham in her honeyed, rather artificial voice, and of course Michael's family ought to have murmured something polite and inarticulate about that being just what delighted them. But Michael's tiresome family never did what it ought. Mrs. Severin was in trouble with her fichu, and, instead of answering, detached some lace from a rose that had thorns; while Clotilda glanced at Michael and very delicately winked, and Clara saw her and was angry.

"When are you going back to South

Africa?" she said to Clotilda, looking at Tom Crewe's colossal figure with an air of surprise that in revenge for the wink she deliberately allowed to be disdainful. The disdain was not genuine, for she saw that Tom was what in the *petits* of her day she called "quite," and if he had come with any of her friends she would have made much of him. But he had to suffer for being Clotilda's husband. Clara rather liked Camilla; Mrs. Severin did not count, Bob was at school, and Selma had vanished. The one really provoking member of Michael's family was Clotilda, who always seemed rather pleased with herself, and did not look as if the present occasion impressed her. How dare she come from the corner house to Rutland-gate and wink! When was she going back to South Africa, asked Clara.

"Never," said Clotilda cheerfully.

"Oh!" said Clara. "Are you going to live in London?"

"Yes," said Clotilda, "we are looking for a house. How nice it would be if we could find one close to Michael and you."

"We have not decided on our neighborhood yet," said Clara, and then dinner was announced.

No one can blame Mr. Walsingham for finding Mrs. Severin difficult to entertain. There was not much in common between them, and they were both people afflicted by a sort of mental paralysis when placed with inhabitants of a foreign world. Mr. Walsingham had a social conscience and played the game manfully for a time, but Mrs. Severin did not try to play this evening, and baffled him. The poor woman was oppressed by her surroundings because they were unlike her own, because Michael was there, and because she was a foolish creature, as sensitive to an unfriendly atmosphere as a seismograph to an earthquake. She was sure that both Mrs. Walsingham and Clara saw

her spill a little wine on her fichu. It happened because her hand was trembling and her glass rather full, but she felt tearfully uncomfortable about it, and answered her host at such haphazard that he turned to Clotilda, who was on his other side. He began with the usual question about her return to South Africa, and when she told him she was house-hunting in London he felt quite grateful because she introduced a subject that lasted through several courses and brought even Mrs. Severin into line. Every one can talk about houses.

"But you have a wider field for your search than my daughter," he said in his courteous, rather inflated way, "You are not restricted to a neighborhood, you tell me. Now, we have said that when Clara marries we want her within half a mile. She has promised to stay near us. Our other daughter is nearly a mile away."

The whole table could hear what Mr. Walsingham was saying, and Clotilda looked maliciously at her future sister-in-law.

"This is a delightful neighborhood," she said. "So near the Albert Memorial. Tom and I think of it for ourselves. Are there any small houses to be had?"

"I dare say there are," said Mr. Walsingham urbanely; "you must consult Clara. I believe she knows as much as a house agent. First she hunted for Beatrice, and some time ago she was hunting for herself."

If you think Clara looked or felt at all embarrassed you do not do her justice. She helped herself to a *parfait* of strawberries, refused more champagne, and did not turn a hair. Michael's sister knew for certain now that his future wife did not want her for a near neighbor, and his future wife thought that the more certainties she could establish of this kind the better pleased she would be. Clotilda had laid her-

self open to a snub by offering to establish herself where she was not wanted.

"Perhaps we could find three houses in a row," said Clotilda, "one for my mother, one for Michael, and one for Tom and me. We should love to be close together and able to run in and out all day."

There were only eight people at table, so that the talk tended to become general, and Clotilda's suggestion was heard and answered by Mrs. Walsingham, who repressed an inward shudder and said she thought that young married people were best by themselves. Then Tom Crewe interposed, and said he did not know why his wife was talking such nonsense. He fully intended to live outside London, and so did she. That diverted the conversation for a time to the pleasures of gardening and the merits of the country suburb. So the talk dribbled on till every one had eaten their strawberries and Mrs. Walsingham got up from table.

In the drawing-room Clara talked prettily to Mrs. Severin and Camilla about summer plans, while Mrs. Walsingham showed a well-bred interest in Natal and Clotilda's experiences there. When the three men came upstairs Mr. Walsingham proposed music.

"Come, Clara," he said to his daughter, "sing to us."

He did not know that Michael's sisters were both fine musicians and that his daughter was not a musician at all; and Clara did not know these things either. So she went to the piano and twittered one of her pretty, pretty songs in a thin, high voice. Michael for once wished she knew better, for he could see Clotilda's downcast eyes and her profile wickedly demure, and he felt sure that when she got home she would mimic Clara to the life, pretty, pretty tune, tinkling accompaniment and all.

"Are your sisters musical?" said Mrs. Walsingham.

"I have heard Camilla play," said Clara, coming forward; "she plays very nicely."

So Camilla went to the piano and played quite nicely; but as she was not artful enough to suit her performance to her public, her delicate and finished rendering of some numbers from Schumann's *Kreisleriana* was rather thrown away.

"I suppose the Germans like that involved music," said Mr. Walsingham when he had praised Camilla's memory and "execution." "I never find it cheers me up much, though; and after all, what is music for?"

"That is so true," said Clotilda, her beautiful eyes quite serious and steady as she addressed her host. "Now you should hear Tom sing. You feel happier for the rest of the week."

Tom's laugh when his wife made this astounding statement seemed to shake the room.

"I've about as much voice as an elephant," he said.

"Never mind, Tom," said Clotilda; "come and do your best. We are not a critical audience, are we, Mr. Walsingham?"

"I suppose not," said Mr. Walsingham, laughing good-naturedly. He was charmed by Clotilda to-night, and never observed that his wife and daughter were sitting in cold judgment on her. No doubt she was pretty—pretty enough to make men lose their heads; but what right had she to give herself airs and to assume that they were an uncritical audience? Now she had suddenly changed her mind and said she would have the trio from *The Merry Motorist* and that Michael must join in it. So all three men were at the piano with her, the two younger ones singing and Mr. Walsingham listening delightedly. That was music a man could enjoy when he was tired, he said, and when they had finished he asked for the quartet from the first act. So with Ca-

milla's help they gave him that too. The ladies of the house listened with perfunctory politeness, and Mrs. Severin re-arranged the roses she wore so as to hide the stain made at dinner on her fichu. When the musicians came away from the piano and sat down, Clara said to Michael:—

"I had no idea that you could sing."

"I can't," said Michael; "Tom and I only bellow. Didn't you hear how out of tune we were?"

Clara had not heard, but she did not say so.

"You were quite good enough for that kind of music," she said graciously, "and you pleased Dad."

"Didn't we please you?" said Michael. They were sitting together, but so near Clotilda that she could not help hearing what they said.

"I'm spoilt, you know," said Clara. "But why don't you and Clotilda train your voices? You should have lessons from my man, Harwood Atkins. He is splendid. He taught all the Princesses of Lothringen, you know."

"I thought Clotilda's voice was trained," said Michael. Somehow Clara seemed both stupid and conceited to-night.

"Have you ever had any lessons?" she said to Clotilda.

Clotilda laughed—not rudely, but gently, as if she really could not help it.

"I was five years under Roselli," she said. "He wanted me to sing in grand opera. I wish the poor man could hear you."

"Oh well," said Clara impatiently, "people forget what they are taught. I'm sure I do. Besides . . . Roselli is fearfully expensive. Harwood Atkins is his pupil, and is cheaper."

"I know Mr. Atkins very well," said Clotilda composedly. "We have often sung together . . . he is quite good. We used to meet at Roselli's house."

"Herr Roselli was father's friend,"

said Camilla, who saw that in a polite way fur was flying.

"Signor Roselli," corrected Clara.

"He is an Austrian by birth," corrected Clotilda. "We call him Onkel Florian. He taught me for love."

"I wonder you didn't go on the stage," said Mrs. Walsingham.

"At one time she did wish it," said Mrs. Severin, "but then she married Tom, and he disliked the idea."

"Tom," said Clotilda to her husband, "you might let me go on the stage now. Every one does who can, and Mrs. Walsingham thinks that with my marvellous voice and my beauty and my *allure*—"

"Rats!" said Tom to his wife only, and went back to his corner where he was having a comfortable talk with Mr. Walsingham about the iniquities of the Government.

"What did your husband say?" inquired Mrs. Walsingham.

"He said 'Rats!'" replied Clotilda. "He has not been at all well brought up."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Severin reproachfully. "You know he was at Eton."

"At Eton!" said Mrs. Walsingham. "You don't mean it surely—he is not one of the Trevider-Crewes? *They* all have enormous noses and are extremely plain."

Clotilda said nothing. She looked as  
The Times.

if her husband's ancestry did not concern her, and as if Mrs. Walsingham's personalities were best kindly ignored.

"Is he one of the Trevider-Crewes?" Mrs. Walsingham said to Mrs. Severin.

"He may be," Mrs. Severin replied; "I don't know much about him. He met Clotilda at a picnic and proposed on the spot. I was very much annoyed at first because of his nose."

"What's wrong with his nose?"

"Well—look at it."

"I am looking at it. Lord Bosistow has just such another. It's the family nose."

"Then in my opinion the family should keep it," said Mrs. Severin, and got up to go. But Michael turned to Mrs. Walsingham and relieved her curiosity.

"My brother-in-law is one of the Trevider-Crewes," he said, "but Lord Bosistow is only his second cousin. Tom's father is a parson with seven children and no money."

"Still—" said Mrs. Walsingham, and the tone in which she bade Tom good-night was perceptibly warmer than her welcome had been.

"But if he was Lord Bosistow himself, I would not live within reach of his wife," said Clara, when their guests had departed. "The little minx was laughing at us all the evening."

"What could she possibly find in us to laugh at?" said Mrs. Walsingham.

(To be continued.)

## AN "INSPIRED LITTLE CREATURE" AND THE POET WORDSWORTH.

It must have been a happy day at Poulshot Rectory when Wordsworth's letter came,—the big-sized essay paper, covered, every inch of it save the square in the centre devoted to the address, with the great poet's large, slanting, formal handwriting,—just the hand

one would have expected from William Wordsworth,—thin and long, like his own profile. Mrs. Fisher, the wife of the Rector, bringing up her two little girls and six little boys in the picturesque old Poulshot Rectory, near Devizes, in the heart of North Wilts, had



that safe and profitable birthright—she "came of a clever family." She was the fourth child of William Cookson, D.D., Canon of Windsor, and had married William Fisher, Rector of Poulshot, in North Wilts, and afterwards Canon of Sarum. Moreover, she was William Wordsworth's first cousin, for the poet's mother was Canon Cookson's only sister.

More than one of Mrs. Fisher's children inherited the family brains in one respect or another. Her sons were to matriculate from either Charterhouse or Winchester to Oxford, and to be brilliant students, carrying off honors at their University before going out to their various vocations in life. Her eldest son, Herbert, was afterwards to be the tutor to the Prince of Wales, our King Edward the Seventh, first at Oxford and then at Cambridge; to be Private Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle during the Crimean War; to be Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Seal to the then Prince of Wales; to be Vice-Warden of the Stanneries—an historic office dating from the thirteenth century, now abolished; and to be remembered by many an Oxonian as the original of "Arthur" in Clough's immortal "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich"—

Arthur the bather of bathers, *par excellence*, Audley by surname,  
Arthur they called him for love and for euphony. . . .

But, whether Herbert Fisher had or had not yet evinced the qualities that led to his being the chosen preceptor of an Empire's hopes, it was not of Herbert that the fond mother had written to her great cousin. It was of little twelve-year-old Emmeline, whose childish poems the mother had cherished in her heart.

What a wonderful little figure steps out of the past and confronts us in these letters and poems before us! A

little character to be placed side by side with "Pet Marjorie," had she only had her Dr. John Brown! A little daughter of the Rectory, with sun-bonnet and short frock and meekly parted hair, loving and docile, one among eight happy children playing in English sunshine;—but with all the time a poet's vision and faculty, which should be recognized by Wordsworth, and stagger him.

The innocent, happy soul of her stands revealed in the very first poem that is carefully copied into the folio MS. book, inscribed on the fly-leaf—

Emmeline Fisher,

Aged 8 years,

From her Aunt Mary. December 18th, 1833.

Oh I am eight years old! and may  
I on this happy, happy day  
Try to be good and please Mamma  
That she may praise me to Papa.  
How merciful my God hath been  
To spare me! or I ne'er had seen  
Forth from their leaves the flowerets  
    peep  
Ne'er lived the summer's fruit to reap,  
Nor seen the white lambs in the sun,  
Nor joined my brothers' merry run,  
Nor heard the bird sing midst the trees  
Or felt the cool and stirring breeze.  
I might have in my narrow bed  
Laid my cold and senseless head,  
The flowers which I love to cull,  
With which my busy hands are full,  
On my cold grave might now have  
    grown,  
My name been graven on the stone.  
I might no more have seen Mamma,  
Nor prattled gally to Papa.  
But Thou hast spared me God till now  
Therefore Oh hear my thankful vow!  
To please thee will I firmly try,  
Shun quarrels, scorn the artful lie,  
Do all I know is right and good  
Still thank thee for my daily food.  
Then shall I ever happy be,  
And go at last to dwell with thee.

Aunt Mary's gift does not seem to have been so much the honored recipient of Emmie's finest productions as a possession into which, intermittently, she

had copied resolutely her entire repertoire, and then neglected; for there are many blank pages left in the book, and then follow a few pencil sketches,—and in it are none of the poems that were afterwards sent to Wordsworth and that he mentions in his letters. An "Ode to Nature" was written when she was seven, and most of the other verses in the book are religious in tone. Her education was evidently above what most little girls in those days received, for one poem, written when she was ten, is inscribed "from the Latin." This was perhaps the result of having six brothers and only one sister, and a Canon for a father. One poem from this childish collection must be quoted—a poem to her brothers and sister—not so much on account of its literary merits, though these are wonderful when it is remembered the writer was only ten, but as a picture of the affectionate, glad little soul she was, and as a glimpse into the quiver-full at the Rectory, whence so many of the arrows were to find high and important mark.

March 8th, 1838.

Which I love best? Ah can I say  
I watch them through the livelong day  
And still another charm I find  
Yet lovelier, dearer to my mind.

My little Wilfred's smile of joy,  
His merry laugh at some new toy,  
My pretty Eda's sparkling eye  
When hearing of some pleasure nigh.

Then darling Artie's earnest gaze  
His conscious blush when others praise,  
Thoughtful, yet ready still for play,  
Arch, and yet simple, mild, yet gay.

And then dear Eddie's roguish smile  
When planning still some sportive wile,  
His large blue eye, which brightly  
beams  
Or furtive through its lashes gleams.

Then Herbert with his noble air  
His hazel eyes and forehead fair,  
His smile sedate, his cheek so bright,  
His waving locks, so free and light.

His anxious wish to please Papa,  
His fond attention to Mama.  
Such are those dear ones—Oh then pray  
Which I love best bid me not say!

So the little poetess, who a year or two later was to astonish Wordsworth, lived her happy child's life with her brothers and sister at the Rectory, loved and loving, among the soft pastoral English scenery from which she drew her simple, pure inspirations. And here, "when the Spirit moved her," she wrote, and took her verses, no doubt, to the mother for praise or criticism.

One can imagine that it was with great timorousness and trepidation that Mrs. Fisher gathered courage to send a collection of her little girl's poetic efforts to William Wordsworth, her cousin; but at last, when Emmie was twelve, she did so. Did she, we wonder, do it without telling anybody? Or was the Rector husband consulted? Somehow one thinks not, and that no one save the anxious mother—least of all the little unconscious poetess herself—suffered those pangs of hope deferred when post after post brought no reply. For Mrs. Fisher, like many another who has committed MSS. to the post, had long to wait before she knew her fate. And then one day, perhaps when the eight hungry little ones were watching their bread and butter being cut at breakfast-time, or when they were out in the afternoon-sun on the lawn, and the Rector was conning his sermon—the letter came. And the mother, who would have believed in her child whatever the verdict had been, tore it open. And, as sometimes happens when MSS. have been committed to the post, the verdict was favorable beyond all expectation. How she must have skimmed the first lines—the apologies for the delay, the explanations why Mrs. Wordsworth was acting as his amanuensis—until she came to the words that must have thrilled her heart with sudden joy and pride!

"It is impossible to foretell what may come in future time out of these promises," Wordsworth wrote, "but I have met in the language of no age or country with things so extraordinary from so young a Person. I am afraid of writing this—lest it, or something like it, should come to her ears; and I cannot conceal from you that I look with a thousand apprehensions upon what may be the fate of one in whom such powers are so early displayed. It would avail little to enter into particulars, for throughout the Poems are scattered indications of all that can be desired, an observant eye, feeling, thought, fancy, and above all imagination, as evinced especially in the Poem of Scenery, and even still more in the verses on the strange noise heard in a serene sky—in part of these last there is the very spirit of Milton himself."

So wrote the poet, the future great Laureate, the epoch-maker in literature, the man who brushed away the artificialities of Pope and Dryden, and made way for the genius of a Tennyson and a Browning. And then, because, besides being all this, he was rather a formal old gentleman living at the English Lakes with his wife and sister, he adds:—

But pray keep this in your own heart—  
or mention it only to your husband.

And then again the delighted appreciation of the child's genius gets the upper hand, and Emmie receives her first order for work:—

"The verses upon the Queen," he tells the mother, "especially in the transition from the Star to the living Person, are exquisite, and tempt me to ask, though not without hesitation, that as Emmie has, I am told, such a fine feeling for music, that she would make an attempt to fit the noble music of 'God save the King' with better and more appropriate words than are ordinarily joined with it. A request to this effect was made to myself, from a person high in office. I tried, but could not succeed—your inspired little Creature may be more

happy in her effort and so I told my correspondent.

"My dear Cousin, it is a rather sad thing to me that neither yourself nor your Sister, nor indeed any of your Brothers have ever set foot on the soil of Westmoreland or Cumberland. I would have given not a trifle if you and little Emmie could together have seen the sunrise from my door this morning—the glowing sky above the mountain top—the miles of silver lake in the distance—the green quiet valley between, and the mists curling on the hill-sides that enclose it!

. . . But my paper fails me, and I can only add our united love to yourself and all your family, and believe me your affec. and sincere friend,

*William Wordsworth.*"

This news of Wordsworth's having been asked to write new words for the National Anthem, and an allusion which his next letter contains to the writer's age, are the only clues to the date of the letters. They must have been written in the latter half of 1837, or early in 1838, for they were written after the succession of Queen Victoria, and before Wordsworth had completed his sixty-eighth year. Little Emmie must therefore have been twelve years old.

The next letter from Wordsworth proves that Emmie must have been so far informed of the correspondence about her poems, for she had taken up the challenge and written the Anthem. The letter is interesting as giving Wordsworth's criticism of the familiar words that, in spite of their rough simplicity, mean so much to us, and to this day thrill loyal hearts and bare loyal heads—and put an abrupt end to social gatherings.

"My dear Cousin," the letter runs, "It would have been inconvenient to me to reply earlier to your last two kind letters. As I was sure you would give me credit for being duly sensible of your attention I have felt no uneasiness on this account. I now thank you most sincerely for both the letters and the

Poems; and especially for the Anthem, undertaken upon my suggestion. When I made the vain attempt myself, my wish was to steal into the subject by using as much of the first Stanza of the old song as possible—but I found the name Victoria as a substitute for Great George utterly unmanageable. And this discouraged me so that tho' I did compose 2 Stanzas, in place of the vulgar stuff about 'knavish tricks' &c., I did not think it worth while to *write* them, and they are now forgotten. My young Cousin, for I love to call her so, found, I suppose, the same difficulty unsurmountable; and has given an entirely new thing, with which we are not a little pleased; and perhaps I may forward it, with your permission, to my friend Mary Spring Rice—(who as you know is one of her Majesty's Maids of Honor) whose Father suggested to me to do, as a most agreeable thing to his daughter, what I in vain attempted.

The reason why I have used the word 'perhaps' is solely because that copies of Emmie's verses, *in my opinion*, ought not to be widely spread. Her mind ought to grow up quietly and silently; and her extraordinary powers should be left to develop themselves *naturally*, with as little observation as possible. You have probably as strong reasons as a Mother can have, for supposing that notice and admiration do in no degree stain, disturb, or alter the current of her thoughts and feelings—but you cannot be *sure* of that: she herself may receive from such quarters injury of [which] she is not at all aware, and even if she should be so, her efforts to prevent it in future might be unsuccessful, the human heart being so subtle in deceiving itself.

But it is time I should say a word or two upon the poems last sent. The corrections for the Anthem are decided improvements, and prove that her judgment keeps pace with her other faculties."

Why was the "Inspired little Creature's" version, with its correction which William Wordsworth found "decided improvements," not adopted? "Knavish tricks" remained all through the reigns of Queen Victoria and King Edward, and knavish tricks seem quite

as popular now in King George's. That Emmie's Anthem *was* forwarded by Wordsworth, and that it *did* reach the hands of the young Queen, and was read and liked by her, there remains a graceful and treasured proof in the shape of a silver inkstand, with the Royal Arms and "Emmeline" engraved on it. Does the copy of the verses which Wordsworth read and forwarded, and which Queen Victoria read, remain somewhere yet in the royal archives? For no copy is extant among Emmie's poems, and we can never know what the "entirely new thing" was which the inspired little brain evolved for the "noble music," and with which Wordsworth was "not a little pleased."

Other poems were sent to Wordsworth with the Anthem, and of these also no traces are left among the poems that do remain. This is tantalizing, for of them also does Wordsworth give high praise.

"Of her other poems," the letter continues, "the least remarkable is that to her Cousin. The most is the dialogue between the Earth and the Wind. I should have thought this, had it been produced some 30 years ago, a piece entitled to great praise as coming from anyone—but verse has been so much written, and read, within that period, and so many things produced in the same strain, that these verses, which would otherwise have been *truly astonishing* in a Child, though still having claim for very high admiration, are not so many proofs of *originality* of mind as of sensibility and aptitude for sympathy with beauty and grandeur as she must have found them in part expressed elsewhere."

This was penned over seventy years ago; and now, in the more modern phraseology of our twentieth century, has not the same thing been as emphatically said?—

"This I have read in a book," he said, "and that was told to me,

And this I have thought that another  
man thought of a Prince in Mus-  
covy.

Oh this I have felt, and this I have  
guessed, and this I have heard men  
say,

And this they wrote that another  
man wrote of a carl in Norroway!"

"Nay, this I ha' heard," quo Tomlin-  
son, "and this was noised abroad,  
And this I ha' got from a Belgian  
book on the word of a dead French  
lord."

"And . . . the god that ye took  
from a printed book be with you,  
Tomlinson!"

The same idea; but the formal and  
punctilious style of Wordsworth at the  
beginning of Queen Victoria's reign is  
as different from that of Rudyard Kip-  
ling at the end of Queen Victoria's  
reign as is the little inspired Emmie in  
the English rectory garden from Tom-  
linson in Berkeley Square or at the  
Gates of Hell.

When Wordsworth's letter to his  
cousin wanders from the poems to crit-  
icism of Mrs. Hemans and Dr. John-  
son's prose it is, besides being wonder-  
fully true and acute criticism and good  
advice to this day, of deep interest as a  
piece of actual literary autobiography.

"These observations," he writes to  
her, "lead me to speak with regret that  
Mrs. Hemans' Poems have been put in  
her way at so early an age; towards the  
close of my 6th vol. will be found a  
poem occasioned by the death of the  
Ettrick Shepherd, which shews that I  
think highly of that lady's genius—but  
her friends, and I had the honor of  
being one of them—must acknowledge  
with regret that her circumstances,  
tho' honorably to herself, put her upon  
writing too often and too much—she is  
consequently diffuse, and felt herself  
under the necessity of *expanding* the  
thoughts of others and hovering over  
their feelings, which has prevented her  
own genius doing justice to itself, and  
diminished the value of her own pro-

ductions accordingly. This is not said  
with a view to withdrawing Mrs. H.'s  
works, but with the hope that it may  
be a caution to you to place those of  
the elder writers in your daughter's  
way, in preference to modern ones, how-  
ever great their merits. And in this  
implied recommendation, I do not speak  
without allusion to my own. When-  
ever I have written better than others,  
as far as style is concerned, it has been  
mainly owing to my early familiarity  
with the works of the truly great Au-  
thors of past times—and where I have  
the least pleased myself in style or  
versification I can trace it up to early  
communication with inferior writers.  
One of my Schoolmasters, whom I most  
respected and loved, was, unfortunately  
for me, a passionate admirer of Dr.  
Johnson's prose, and having not been  
much exercised in prose myself, I have  
not got over the ill-effects of that inju-  
dicious . . .<sup>1</sup> upon my own way of  
expressing myself. Both the 'Stricken  
Village' and the 'Frozen . . .'<sup>1</sup> are  
additional evidences of this young Cre-  
ature's unrivalled powers.

"Your wish to see my daughter shall  
be communicated to her—but she is so  
deep in engagements for the prescribed  
time of her absence from home, will  
scarcely allow her to profit by it (*sic*).  
Next week she meets her Cousin Charles  
in London, to accompany him and his  
wife to Cambridge, to pass about a fort-  
night with her Uncle. As for myself,  
I could have answered confidently that  
I would have made a point of seeing  
you and yours, had I been some years  
younger—but on the 7th of April I  
shall enter by sixty-ninth year, and  
cannot of course encourage hopes which  
are likely to be disappointed. My Wife  
and Sister join me in . . .<sup>1</sup> and be-  
lieve me faithfully your affectionate  
Cousin,  
William Wordsworth.

"I much regret that we have not at  
this moment the convenience of a frank  
—and are unwilling to detain my let-  
ter."

It is this reference to his age that gives  
us the date of the letters as being be-  
tween the June of 1837, when Queen  
Victoria came to the Throne, and the

<sup>1</sup> Word illegible.



April of 1838. And the allusion to the sunrise in the earlier letter would make it seem as if it were winter—say February—for surely even the Nature-loving poet would not have been at the door (door, mark, not window) earlier than seven o'clock? But who knows? It was seventy-two years ago; and it may have been late in March, and half-past five.

After this, Mrs. Wordsworth seems to have joined in the correspondence, not only as amanuensis to her husband when his eyes pained him, but on her own account. The first of her letters that remains is a fragment, and is evidently not the first she had written. It is in answer to one from Emmie, and is addressed to her. Mrs. Wordsworth does not write about Emmie's poems, but about "the health of all your cousins Crackenthorpe,"<sup>2</sup> and hopes Emmie's "home circle are all well, and that you have no anxieties in connection with those of your family who are absent," and she ends:—

"You shall hear from me again before it is very long—meanwhile hoping that we may meet in Summer and with the dear love of all your Cousins, and with thanks to your Papa and Mamma for allowing us the prospect of seeing you, believe me dear Emmie to be ever

Your affectionate cousin,  
*M. Wordsworth.*"

On the back of this letter is one from Wordsworth himself, evidently endorsing his wife's invitation, but this is so obliterated by ink-stains that only a word here and there is legible. The postscript remains intact, however.

Give my love to your Mother and to your Aunt Mary, when you have an opportunity. And remembrances to your Father and the rest of your family, also

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Wordsworth's mother, Anne, was the only daughter of William Cookson, of Penrith, whose wife, Dorothy, was of the old family of Crackenthorpe, of Newbiggen. Emmie's mother was the daughter of the son of William Cookson and Dorothy Crackenthorpe.

to my old friend Mr. Bowles' whom I never forget.

Ah, yes, it all happened over seventy years ago! It was in the days when a clever woman was warned that she must hide her cleverness and try to appear silly. It was in the days when many advised their daughters as did Dr. Gregory his. It was in the days when many followed Lyttelton's "Advice to a Lady"—

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,

A woman's noblest station is retreat.

It was in the days when woman's position and possibilities had made no more advancement than had the methods of locomotion. The horse, either attached to a vehicle or without one, was still the only method of journeying, as it had been for centuries. And a woman, either attached to a husband or without one, was still in harness and with blinkers on, as she had been for centuries.

The following letter speaks for itself. Emmie had been to Rydal and had paid her great Cousin a visit. The letter is undated, but one imagines it may have been a year, or two years, later than the earlier ones, and that Emmie may have been about thirteen or fourteen. One sees the tall old man in his seventieth year, and the slim young girl, respectful and awed, walking hand in hand—two poets—in all the beauty and suggestiveness of the English Lake scenery, in the early mornings, when the mists drifted softly over the hills and the lake and melted before the sun, and in the wonderful evenings, when the twilight fell over waters and mountains—

Not dull . . . as undiscerning Night,  
But studious only to remove from sight  
Day's mutable distinctions.

And what inspiration and encouragement did the "Inspired Little Creature" receive?

<sup>2</sup> "Sonnetting Bowles."



"I do not like to address conversation for guidance or instruction to young persons *directly* more than I find necessary. But I have thought it proper both directly and indirectly to impress Emmie's mind with a conviction that talent and genius, and intellectual requirements, are of little worth, compared with the right management of the affections, and sound judgment in the conduct of life. That what she may become as a Woman, is of infinitely more importance than what she may grow into as a person of splendid intellect, or an Authoress in any department of Literature. All this I have urged not merely for her own tranquillity and happiness, but for much higher considerations of domestic and social duty, and religious obligation.

I have with pleasure observed what I was prepared for, that her heart was open to perceive all that was amiable in the manners and conduct of those around, though they were persons with little or no pretensions to intellectual distinction. Nevertheless I cannot conceal from you, that I have had opportunities of observing that, as is most natural for one so gifted, she attaches undue importance to powers of mind, not in any way to her discredit, but yet, so as to call for counteracting influences, which must come mainly for some time from the right-mindedness and wisdom of those with whom she lives. But I am writing an enormously long letter, which might be lengthened still more unreasonably were I to give way to the temptations which the subject strongly suggests. I will only add, that I am decidedly against the publication just now of her Poems, and this from considerations wholly independent of their high merits, and which I will state, at least the chief of them, at some future time.

At present farewell.

Ever faithfully your affectionate  
Cousin, and Friend,

W. Wordsworth."

And so, while Herbert Fisher went to Charterhouse and to Christchurch, and equipped himself to become the tutor of a future king, Emmeline Fisher, "attaching undue importance to powers of mind," was to be bidden curb her

young eager craving for the fellowship of her intellectual equals, and not to cultivate her own unrivalled powers of mind, but to turn to "the higher considerations of domestic and social duty."

It is not likely that by anyone in such a home as the Rectory would the inspired little Creature have had ice-bags applied to the intellectual shoots of her nature. Nor is it likely that the Mother, proud and wise and appreciative as she had proved herself, would have sacrificed her child's character to such an ill-judged act as the premature publication of her poems.

Wordsworth's next letter is unfinished. It congratulates the Mother on her decision about the publication, and at the same time it is so generous and reverential in its tone about his poetic little cousin, and, in spite of the formal language of the day, is so full of feeling and tenderness for her, that it must be quoted—all there is of it—in full.

"Rydal Mount, Dec. 22nd.

"My dear Cousin,

"I rejoice exceedingly that your resolution is fixed, not to publish Emmie's Poems, and I lose not a moment to tell you so. As a general rule there cannot be a question that the writings of Children ought not to be sent into the world. If their merit should be overrated, as will mostly be the case by those who undertake such a responsibility, it is obvious at once that the effect cannot be good. In the case of your daughter, there is no fear of the poems being extolled beyond their *merits* in my judgment, for you must allow me to repeat, they are the most wonderful productions, for so young a Creature, that I ever saw or heard of. But observe, on *that* very account she would be pointed at wherever she went, as a Prodigy; and tho' it may be reasonably supposed that the superiority of her intellect, as hath been proved in the instances of all men of first-rate genius, would place her above that dependence upon praise and admiration, which minds of inferior order cling to, yet in her case we have no exemplar to guide

us; and as no one would presume to affirm . . . *would not* in respect to the delicacy, purity, and humility of her mind be injured, the safe way, surely, is not to expose her to the trial. In fact, as I have said in my letter to S. C., I do not think we have a *right* to do so. But without attempting to dive into the depths of the human heart and explore our way thro' its labyrinths, what inconveniences, discomforts, and awkwardness of position would the dear child be subjected to? How difficult would it become for her to demean herself in the midst of a world of young, middle-aged, and old, anxious to show their sense of her powers—to express their gratitude and in fact do her homage? To say the least of it, her precious time, do what you would to keep her apart, would be encroached upon by these unpardonable. . . ."

And there, abruptly, this letter ends. What a testimonial the Inspired Little Creature had won from William Wordsworth! Did she ever see it?

Other letters, both from Wordsworth and from Mrs. Wordsworth, followed; but only one here and there remains. One is a kind and sympathetic note from Mrs. Wordsworth, written after the death of one of the group of Emmeline's brothers, Edmund, whose death made the first gap in the happy Rectory home. That was in April, 1842, when Emmie was seventeen. Another, dated merely "10th Decr. Rydal Mount," must have been fully two years later, for in it Mrs. Wordsworth speaks of Emmie's engagement, which began when she was nineteen. It was probably written in the December of 1846, when Emmie was one-and-twenty, and had been engaged for two years,—for in it a visit to Bath is spoken of, and the next letter is dated "Bath, 4th March, 1847." Emmie had apparently just paid a visit to the Wordsworths, but had not told them of her engagement. Oh, the dear old-fashioned language! "Dear Miss Fenwick *did* give us a favorable report of your favored

\* Word illegible.

One," Mrs. Wordsworth writes, and "I did not give you credit my dear sage Cousin for possessing so much reserve as never to let out when you were here that you had such a friend lurking at your heart—when is the Union to take place?" And that is all she says about it, and the rest of the long letter is devoted to pleasant chit-chat about the neighbors and local trivialities, such as might be supposed to interest Emmeline after she had been with them all. "Your Cousin" (Mrs. Wordsworth always speaks of Wordsworth to Emmeline as "Your Cousin") and Mrs. Wordsworth mean to pay "Dear Miss F." a visit at Bath in February; and Emmeline's mention of "dear Herbert" gave them pleasure—he is "a prime favorite, don't be jealous, in these parts. Glad should we all be to see him among us again"; and they were "gratified too to hear of your Cousin Christopher's success at his college—His Mother wrote to communicate the good news to your Cousin—Your Uncle George also mentioned the subject to him, in a note of congratulation upon the *honor* of his having been out-voted for against the Prime Minister. The best part of the *honor* was that he *escaped* being elected Lord Rector." And "Grasmere is become a changed place since the establishment of the water system, which has turned our lovely rural vale into a watering place"; and "dear Kate Southey" is about to settle herself in a pretty cottage near the Vicarage of Keswick; and "the Arnolds are all well, I mean the female part of the family, now at Foxhow, the Brothers will be drawing home very soon, to the great joy of Mama and the Sisterhood"; and "dear Mary Arnold" is to be married to "one of the Thrings"; and "with our united love to your Mother, Bros. and Sister, and our respectful regards to your Father, believe me to be your very affec. Cousin M. Wordsworth."

How "dear" everyone was, and how

amiable, in those placid early-Victorian days, before motors made us hate our fellow-creatures!

The great Laureate's life was drawing gently to its close. The next letter, written to Emmie by himself from Bath, is in a very feeble and shaky hand. No longer does he write of literary styles or sunrises, but only of health—not his own, but of all the little ailments of those around him, or dear to him. But his affection for Emmie is as strong as ever, and though there is no mention of her literary work nor of her "favored One," he signs himself "Affectionately and faithfully your Friend and Cousin, William Wordsworth."

That is the last letter that remains of Wordsworth's to his gifted kinswoman. There is only one letter of later date, and it is from Rydal Mount, dated "April 15th," and is from Mrs. Wordsworth's niece, Sarah Hutchinson, giving anxious Emmie a report of her "Friend and Cousin." This was just one week before, on the anniversary of the death of Shakespeare, Wordsworth breathed his last, among the scenes he had loved so well.

And as that great life ebbed away, for Emmie herself a new life was beginning.

Emmeline Fisher's marriage to the Reverend Charles Hinxman took place at Salisbury Cathedral, of which her father was a residentiary Canon. The summer after Wordsworth's death found her at Dunmore, in Stirlingshire—so famous for its rich-hued, artistic pottery-ware—where her husband had been appointed to the Episcopalian charge. In spite of numberless happy cares and duties that must have claimed her, it was here, some years after Wordsworth's death, that Emmie's poems were at last published—in an unpretentious little volume, which, however, reached a second edition.

It is charming to notice how the young English wife must have loved "the kindly Scottish earth." In "The Faus Southron," written long after, she speaks of "our braes" with a true air of possession. It is written with a Scottish lilt in its measure, and is full of descriptive touches that recall Perthshire, where several summers were spent at country quarters on the shores of Loch Lubnaig, and where rich sources of inspiration must have been found in the beautiful and invigorating Perthshire Highlands.

It is curious that none of the poems that Wordsworth so admired, and that he criticized, are contained in the one little published collection;—curious, and very vexing. About one-third of those the author selected to publish bear dates from her seventeenth year until the time of her marriage, and all the rest were written in Scotland in the first two or three years after her marriage. There is something decidedly Wordsworthian in the titles in the "Contents," though it is true they are not divided into "Poems of Infancy,"—"Poems of the Imagination,"—"Poems of Humor,"—"Poems of the Affections."

Why did Wordsworth condemn the earlier publication? Did he do well to let the talent lie buried? Why, at least, did he not see that a complete collection of the poems he found so worthy of so high praise was kept safe and sacred?

Here is the last poem in the published volume. It is dated April 13th, 1854, and must have been written in Perthshire, four years after her marriage. Wordsworth never saw it—one wonders what his comment would have been, and one hears the echo of his words to the Mother long before "... feeling, thought, fancy; and, above all, imagination."

A QUESTION FOR THE NIGHT.

If on some quiet night I lay,

Upon my bed, as now I lie,

And watched the full moon hold her way

Across the silence of the sky,  
With pace so gradual that she seemed  
To rule unstirring in her height,  
While underneath the river gleamed,  
And all the landscape slept in light;—

If, on a sudden, I should see  
A wanness strike along her face,  
Should see her, like a storm-vexed tree,  
Bow, rock, and stagger in her place;  
Then to a deep blood-crimson flush,

And, looming larger as he came,  
Down from the cleaving zenith rush,  
A darkening mass, streaked through  
with flame,  
While roaring—not of wind—drew  
nigh;—

Then should I to my pillow turn,  
And in a prostrate terror lie?  
Or should I, rising up, discern  
The instinct of a ransomed soul,  
A kindling love that mastered fear,  
And watch, behind Heaven's curling  
scroll,  
To see my Saviour's face appear?

The rest of the story can be told very shortly, for, alas!—the story, so simple and pure and true, was a very short one.

At the end of ten years among the heathery glens and the dark pines and the glowing maples and the music of the burns, Emmeline returned to England. Her husband had been translated to a living at Barford S. Martin, six miles west of Salisbury. The Rectory of her childhood, Poulshot, near Devizes, was about thirty miles north of Salisbury.—"To find that they lie close together, and that our journey's end is but our starting-place"! The Mother—the Mother who had been little Emmie's first admirer and confidante, and who had sent the poems to Wordsworth,—was long since gone; but the Father was still Rector of Poulshot, and also Canon of Sarum, and oscillating between Poulshot and the fine and interesting old house he had with the Canonry—a house with a long garden down to the River Avon, and old fruit trees on the lawn, and a two

storeyed summer-house covered with ivy overhanging the river.

It was after her return to England, in the Rectory of Barford S. Martin, that Emmie's last poems were written. Nine of these were published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and seven remain in MS. The last two of these unpublished ones are called "The Lost Lyre" and "The Lyre Found."

#### THE LOST LYRE.

As some blind Harper sits, his servant gone

On loitering errand, in the house alone,—

At first, perhaps, the noises from without

Amuse his mind; the strolling merchant's shout,

The prattle and dispute of boys at play,  
The broken gossip of the village way;—

But soon the Spirits of sweet sound begin

—His most accustomed guests—to stir within,

And ask for utterance,—and his eager hand

Is stretched to take the harp whose wonted stand

Is by his chair. But ah! the heedless Boy

Has fooled his longing, frustrated his joy,

Has left the precious Instrument laid by

In some unwonted place. So with a sigh

When now his hands have round him moved in vain,

He strives to sit resigned; but soon again

The fever is so strong that he must rise  
And grope about the room, his useless eyes

Turned sideways up, and his uncertain touch

On this or that alighting. Even such  
The restless yearning, such the baulked desire

I prove, since that which is to me my Lyre,

The sweet or lofty theme whereon to pour

The Poet's impulse forth, I find no more.

And the last poem of all, "The Lyre Found," was written at Poulshot Rectory—the old home—in November, 1862. It is too pathetic for comment.

THE LYRE FOUND.

In our dear England's uneventful breast  
There is a little pastoral vale  
Not fairer nor less blessed than the  
rest.

A valley where the primrose pale  
Studs mossy banks, and kingcups  
gem

The low laid fields, and comely ranks  
Of elm trees arch the village road,  
And hedge-sprays wild feather the oak-  
tree's stem.

There was I born, in that unmarked  
abode

Did Nature feed me with her manna  
pure,

And by her commonest delights.

By clouds, by sunny grass, by star-  
lit nights,

My youth's quick senses in her myste-  
ries train.

And there did youth endure

The sweet unrest, the glorious pain,  
The unearthly discontent with earth,  
Which is the relic of our birth.

The pledge of what may be again.

Since then, my feet have been where  
Nature holds

Her regal state; where mist enfolds

The mountain peak, where passionate  
seas

Fling back the still rejected tides,

Or slowly heave their languid sides

Lying in sun-flecked caves at ease.

This have I known, and sought with  
vain desire

The quick response, the sudden fire,  
The old poetic rapture of the Past.

But, dear emotions! ye revive at last!—

Here, where I knew you first, I find

Your ministrations busy in my mind.

The streak of sky behind the well-  
known trees.

The blackbirds' twilight chink, the un-  
certain breeze

That sets the plane-tree's whispering  
leaf astir—

The Fortnightly Review.

From these, from every trivial sound  
and sight

Comes inspiration! and in such de-  
light

I move, as one who long by sick-  
ness laid

Apart in silence, solitude and shade

Wakes to the thousand joys of life.—  
Alas!

One thought o'ershadows all! this  
wealth must pass,

Even as I pass from these dear  
scenes away,

And mournful knowledge the brief joy  
repay.

Of his long bondage does the sick man  
learn

Finding the sunshine of the world  
so strange,

Thus the recovered affluence of a  
day

Shows me what Time has wrought of  
loss and change,

One glimpse of Youth has taught  
me to discern

How much could never but with  
Youth return.

It was less than two years later that, at the Rectory of Barford S. Martin,—in her thirty-ninth year, still with her beautiful imagination filled with pure vision, and with dear ties binding and pulling her to earth and happiness,—Wordsworth's "Inspired Little Creature" died. There, in the churchyard of Barford S. Martin, she lies buried, beside a little daughter who lived only a few days.

The silver inkstand with "Emmeline" and the Royal Arms engraved on it is treasured by her son. Two books of MSS.—one the gift of Aunt Mary on the far-off eighth birthday, the "happy, happy day," and the other one into which are copied the last verses of all,—and the little packet of what is left of the Wordsworth correspondence, are kept sacredly by her daughters, and were by them entrusted to the present writer.

Rosaline Masson.

## ON WRITING FIFTY.

Moderation is certainly an over-praised virtue—so much over-praised that it is tempting to say that it is not a virtue at all. That, of course, would be exaggeration, which is the sin that every well-balanced mind will avoid. "Nothing too much," said the Greek sage—but which Greek sage? Not Plato, not Socrates, not Heraclitus, not Xenophanes—no, not one of those who gave real impulses to the mind of man, but one of the Seven, memorable for two or three words apiece. "Nothing too much,"—and the Latin rendering of the maxim is *Nil admirari*. What language! what a negation of life! Suppose we invert it and say "Nothing too little," will the Moderates and the Sages be as ready to support us? *Nil admirari* are words from a poet, if Horace and his kind are poets, and it is hard to deny so genial an old friend a name he has had for centuries. Yet what poet ever took the words seriously? *Alii disputent, ego mirabor*, said St. Augustine—"let others discuss, I will admire"—and it is this glorious openness of mind that makes him what he is. Think of the child crooning *Tolle lege, tolle lege*, and the professor of letters, in the agony of his spiritual crisis, open to listen to the words and to wonder what game it was; or of the saint at his prayers, and his eyes opening to watch the lizard catching flies, and his mind occupied with the quick movement of the queer little African creature—straying from God? Or was it? Surely *ego mirabor* is service of God, and *nil admirari* atheism and rebellion of the darkest, in whatever language one says it.

But, of course, the sage never meant this; no Moderate ever intended any such thing. Was not Horace a poet, too,—

Solvitur acris hiems gratâ vice veris et Favoni?

It is one thing for a poet to turn a phrase, and another for a child of prose to quote it. The child of prose takes the words as spoken in his own dull dialect, and they seem reasonable; he interprets for himself—wise men, they say, make proverbs and fools quote them. It is enough almost to make a man forgo speech, to hear how he can be quoted; and the written word can be racked till one could almost fancy the very letters and syllables groaned. Still, a man has some responsibility for his words; no one will insist on this more than the Moderate; you cannot, he holds, be too careful. *Nil admirari*—its author and the coiner of "Nothing too much" must face the consequences of their words, as much as any Paul or Luther, or Mirabeau or Lloyd George. We cannot have one law for the full-blooded and another for the anæmic, even if the latter make the law.

There is a very striking phrase in the parable of the Unjust Steward. He lay under suspicion of wastefulness—whether active wasting or the squandering that failed to develop what was entrusted to him. The latter is clearly indicated in the other parable of the Talents—a hint of how the speaker would have life used. Face to face with a serious difficulty, the Steward becomes practical—"Take thy bill," he says to the debtor, "and sit down quickly and write fifty." The words have a strange suggestion. Half the mischief of the world seems wrapt up in writing fifty, when the real figure is a hundred.

Let us take the politician. General Grant, in his story of his life, told a tale against himself to the effect that when he was a boy, his father sent him to buy a horse. "Well, how much will your father give?" asked the owner. "He said," replied the boy, "I was to



offer you twenty dollars, and if you wouldn't take it, twenty-five; and if you wouldn't take that, thirty." And the old General records that the horse cost thirty dollars, no less; but to Grant it was worth the money, for he got experience into the bargain. He learnt that it was not well to begin negotiations by compromise—a lesson which some of us have sometimes dreamed English Liberal statesmen might well pay thirty dollars apiece for. If you are convinced that a hundred is right, look well at the steward or economist or other wise head that recommends, "Write fifty." If you listen to such counsel to-day, you will find your opponent to-morrow has the same wise advice for you, relative to the reduced figure with which you start; and he very soon realizes, that if he can hold you over till next day, he can induce you to be "reasonable" once more, and take twelve and a-half, "or better say ten—it's a round number." Very obvious all this. Yes, obvious as the decalogue; obvious as the wood which we cannot see for the trees; obvious these last few months, but what of the next few?

But there are other regions where it is still more ruinous to write fifty. How do you judge men? What is man, when you are mindful of him? How do you reckon him? Do you go by the average? That is what experts do, administrative men, practical people, great organizers. The idealist writes a hundred (let us put it so), and the practical man says "No; I know men; they are not what you think; write fifty." When you begin to say "I know men," in that wise way, as soon as your mind begins to think of the average man and the man-in-the-street, down comes your figure with a run; it is fifty, not a hundred. And it is here, precisely here, that the practical people come to grief, for human concerns are not worked on averages. It is not the

man-in-the-street or the average man that counts; but, as it has been put, the really representative man is the unrepresentative. In every natural group of men you may count on some one or more—you cannot predict how many, but more than you may expect—who cannot be written down. They are not averageable, and they upset every calculation based on averages. Offer them fifty when they have fixed on a hundred—they will not accept ninety-five. But that is not the main point. It is not what they will take, it is what they are, that the practical man miscalculates. If he reads them like a thermometer, he is always fifty points out in his reading; he is face to face with what he cannot in the least estimate—men whose temperature is away up out of his reckoning, who see, feel, think, and act on a level he cannot understand. They will die for a phrase, like the early Christian whom the good-hearted Pliny could not induce to "curse Christ"—like the Marseillais—like William Cowan, the Hudson's Bay doctor whom Riel, in 1867, would shoot tomorrow if he would not betray some papers, and who told him, "You can shoot now." It is of no use to "write fifty" of such people, no writing them down alters the fact that they stay up, out of your reach, up where men, even average men, will join them sooner or later. It is the plainest fact of history that the world has been made by people who were always undervalued in the estimates of the Moderates and the Practicals, and who yet were so great that they made common men great. Sophocles was right: "Many are the marvels, but the greatest of all marvels is man." And Thomas Carlyle was right; the Hero counts his full hundred however much you write off. To this has to be added the incalculable, and often unnoticed, characteristic of the actual average man, the real man-in-the-street, which, given a certain

Magic (not in the recipe-book of the Practical), turns him, too, into something divinely high and immeasurable.

What are the forces that make men so? They, again, are invariably written down—Poetry, Art, Religion. Where does their stock stand on the Exchange? Hardly at par; fifty at best, but they are hardly negotiable. Art and Poetry, for instance: one of the happiest thoughts of ingenious dynasties and usurpers from Peisistratos to Napoleon III. is to patronize them. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written much these twenty years, he has been much in the papers, much in the mouths of men; but one of his truest and strongest pieces we have never seen or heard quoted, "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas." There is a touch of declamation in it—all Mr. Kipling's heroes, unlike Carlyle's, are very conscious of their strong attitude—but the conception is, otherwise, a fine one. It is the old bard, Thomas the Rhymer, and "the King" (we need not look for his exact date in the history book) proposes to knight him. But the bard bids him wait; he sings a stave or two, and the King sees his enemies come over the hill, and grasps his weapons; he changes his note, and the King sees his lost love of old years. This is the Magic of the bard, "and—ye," says True Thomas, pausing rather too sensationally for a poet, between his words, "would—make—a Knight o' me." The King would not, as it appears, for the last stave has sent him away full of other thoughts. Mr. Kipling is right. Poetry and Art cannot be organized; for those who would organize them inevitably write them at fifty, where poet and artist will set them at a hundred with a certain subconscious feeling that it may be a hundred raised to the power of infinity. You cannot estimate Truth; it is too various, too quick, too magical; and that is what the poets and the artists

know, and why they grow impatient, not merely with practical men (whom they, in turn, honestly under-estimate in sheer astonishment at their mental processes—"Will you allow me to examine your bumps?" as Charles Lamb said), but with the philosophers, too, who do not deserve all their anger. But how can you make a scheme of things, when the commonest thing may

Bury you with a glory, young once more,  
Pouring heaven into the shut house of life?

In the sphere of Religion, the consequences of "Nothing too much," and of "Write Fifty," are disaster. It is in Religion that the human mind comes into closest relation with the infinite; here most of all

We feel that we are greater than we know,

and dimly grasp possibilities otherwise undreamable. Practically every error that the history of Religion can show, every heresy, is bound up with the writing of fifty. How many depravations of Religion, for instance, are due to the undervaluing of the human soul, to the low estimate of what it can be, to disbelief in individuality, and to thinking first in millions and then in averages? Whatever has been done for mankind by the Christian religion has been achieved in virtue of the amazing intensity of Jesus' conviction of a love of God that transcends thought; and, wherever the Christian religion is found crippled as a moral force, we are sure to find, as at least one of the antecedent conditions, some abatement of the range and depth of God's love—some limitation of it to certain classes, colors, or churches, or some diminution in the meaning of the word, as if God loved the world as so many millions in an aggregate, and

cared in general for the average welfare, like a mayor for the death-rate of his city. There are signs of such thinking in many Christian quarters to-day.

The fact is that we live in a Universe which is richer and fuller by far than we are apt to think, and the people who have revealed most surely what it is have been those who have conceived most largely of it, who have trusted the fulness of its wonder and its life. The low-pulsed prudential view is always wrong, even in judging of oneself. *Possunt quia posse videntur* is a half-verse from Virgil to quote against the half-verse of his friend Horace—"they can because they think they can"—and  
The Nation.

it is true. Power lies in committing oneself wholeheartedly to the whole truth. For the *whole* of a thing is true, and the half of it is not. The secret of the sombreness of middle-aged men and middle-aged nations is that they will not let themselves go nor trust life in its fulness—they will be cautious and write fifty. Let us recall once more the familiar words of Goethe, who, if he was not thinking of the parable when he wrote, stands as an independent witness to the folly of writing fifty, whatever be the matter in hand:—

Uns vom Halben zu entwöhnen  
Und im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen,  
Resolut zu leben.

## THE HEXMINSTER SCANDAL.

BY W. E. CULE.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WHAT WILL MRS. GRUNDY SAY?

Whatever the character of the record may be, one cannot write of Mrs. Heller without a sense of awe. In the present instance even the humblest people in Hexminster have described it as a comedy; nevertheless she casts a solemn shadow on the page—a tall, gaunt shadow, full of dignity and condescension. Then one almost begins to suspect an error in description—not comedy, surely, but tragedy.

The Scandal had grown large long before she was aware of its existence. Indeed, one cannot but feel that she was, in some way, the victim of a conspiracy of silence; but even her well-wishers stood so much in awe of her that they dared not approach her with the news—and her well-wishers, it may be said, were so few that there was no companionship to give them courage. Those who detested her were numerous enough, but they enjoyed the situation

too much to wish to spoil it. So the city hummed with the story in every quarter while she stalked on her accustomed way without a suspicion.

How her eyes were opened at last is only a little doubtful. It was probably done one evening when she had been to some parochial committee in the schoolroom. Garland had been present, and had walked up the street in her company. He left her at the corner of the West Road, and she went home alone; but it was, perhaps, the most painful walk she had taken for many years. Her spacious countenance was filled with unutterable tragedy.

"Where is Miss Allison?" she asked in a strained voice as soon as the door was opened.

"She is in the garden," answered the servant primly.

"Ask her to come to me in the dining-room at once."

The maid went out and delivered her message with some expression. She,

too, had heard of the Scandal. Miss Vicars looked up from her book and saw that the storm had burst.

"I am coming now," she said faintly.

Poor girl! This was, for her, the end of a period full of emotion and wonder, during which a new influence had come into her life with almost incredible results. Even now she could hardly believe it. That during the first week she should have met the colonist frequently was not surprising, seeing that she spent much time out of doors, while he was renewing his acquaintance with once familiar scenes; but that she should have begun to expect his appearance, and to welcome it, before she had known him a few days, was a fact not to be explained so easily. Yet it had not stopped even there; for on an evening some days ago she had realized, with something akin to fear, that she had actually made a definite promise to see him again next morning. She, Alison Vicars, daughter of a gentleman, niece to the late Solicitor to the Diocese, had actually met by appointment a man who was the son of old Morgan of the Green—a jobbing gardener!

It was hard to believe, but reflection did not spare her. She was honestly unable to explain it, and had shrunk from attempting to define it. The man was able to make her forget; while with him she had breathed a curiously exhilarating atmosphere, one in which the conventions of her previous life had ceased to operate. She would not even admit that she liked him in any personal way; she only liked, she thought, his breezy, boyish frankness, his romantic outlook. It was something she had always needed, and naturally she found enjoyment in it. Her laugh during those summer rambles had been as free as in her long-lost school-days, for something had melted the ice which had been creeping over her whole nature. She was twenty-

seven, and he was more than ten years older; yet they were as boy and girl together, for they met on that plane of romance where all the world is young. The one thing she was certain of was that in this case any suggestion of attachment, or anything more than congenial companionship, was utterly absurd. There had been no hint of it, however veiled—no word or glance to afford excuse for such a question. And having reached that point, she had only sighed over the riddles that followed. If that is all, why do you think so much of it? Why would you be sorry if you could not meet him again?

During this period, it is quite clear, the man had used every art he possessed to make himself acceptable. In any case, a girl of twenty-seven without experience, as the gossips declared sententiously, is a poor match for a man ten years older who has seen the world; and, as it happened, Morgan had the further advantage of having gauged her temperament almost at the first meeting. True, he could not prevent himself from falling often into the most annoying solecisms, errors of speech and manner which spoke of the Cottage on the Green as clearly as his wristbands betrayed his lack of the instinct of dress; but such was his determination to overcome all obstacles that he almost succeeded in making her ignore these faults while he was in her company. It was when he had gone that she recalled them one by one with acute distress, remembered who and what he was, believed that he was impossible even as a friend, and realized the horror of the Scandal which overshadowed her. Then she had resolved that she would not see him again; and to-morrow, going for her usual walk, had inevitably found him beside her.

Had he betrayed himself in those first stages by as much as a glance the connection might conceivably have been broken; but, as Mrs. Hellier would have

pointed out in her superior wisdom, his proper restraint was the refinement of subtlety on the part of one who had resolved to leave no stone unturned to achieve his end. It enabled the girl to deceive herself up to the last moment, and to cloud her own sense with sophistries even while the Scandal was assuming overwhelming proportions. And, deep as was the fear in which she lived, she could not suspect how grave the situation really was. For instance, how could she suppose that the Third Colonial Conference, then preparing in London, was a matter of moment to her welfare; or that the imminent arrival in England of the Honorable Justyn Morgan, the Premier of Kingsland, should have been an event of dreadful interest to her? In the mingled glamour and trepidation of those perplexing days she had quite forgotten an incident which should, at least, have suggested caution and inquiry.

Under these circumstances, of course, disaster had been inevitable all along; though, for the reasons stated, it came with laggard steps. During that month Morgan had lounged about the old city in an aimless fashion, apparently enjoying a complete rest after his strenuous years abroad, and only occasionally spending a day or two in London attending to his commissions. At the end of the first week he had changed his blue flannel for gray of the same texture, showing that he had a definite idea of cleanliness, though perhaps a limited one; nor, as far as one could gather, had he ever gone for more than one day without shaving. He seemed totally unaware, though he was the person most concerned, that Hexminster had now begun to take a revived interest in his welfare, not only because it saw the Scandal growing, but also because of certain sinister rumors which had somehow got into circulation.

But now the interval was over and

the storm was come. Pale, and anything but collected, Alison closed her book and went into the house.

Mrs. Hellier had not even taken off her bonnet. This was no occasion for thinking of trifles. With that unspeakable horror in her countenance, she was standing at the table waiting. One look at poor Miss Vicar's face, and she knew that the amazing tale was true. The Scandal was not a rumor but an actuality!

She could scarcely find breath for the awful questions she must put.

"Is this true?" she gasped. "Is it possible? Am I in my right senses?"

Miss Vicars did her best to bear up. It was either the calmness of despair or the first hint of a healthy self-assertion.

"What is it, aunt?" she asked.

"When—when did you see That Man last?"

Whatever the faults of Miss Vicar's character, a taste for subterfuge was not among them. In this case concealment had poisoned her Paradise, and it was probably even a relief to meet discovery.

"If you mean Mr. Morgan," she said, "I saw him this morning. He walked with me to Westwater."

By a strong effort of will—she had always been proud of her Will—Mrs. Hellier saved herself from collapse, and only a groan escaped her.

"Heavens!" she ejaculated. "What do I hear? She admits it—and without shame!"

No—not entirely without shame, but with a great relief that almost cancelled shame. The period of perplexity was over, and that was good.

"Yes," said Miss Vicars. "Perhaps I should say, also, that I have seen him very frequently—almost daily—during the last two or three weeks. Why should I not?"

It was then that Mrs. Hellier sank into a chair and for a moment closed her eyes. The blow was a very severe

one. All true—all true—and worse than all! And the girl actually asking, "Why not?" The very foundations of her world seemed to be breaking up. A great scandal—and the girl asked, "Why not?" A low person—the son of that old laborer on the Green—and the girl asked, "Why not?" She could have shrieked.

With a great effort she rose to the necessities of the occasion. The first of these was to know the truth, however awful.

"Are you—are you in love with him?" she gasped.

"No."

A long pause. "Is he—is he making love to you?"

"No." Poor Miss Vicars was positive enough so far.

"Then"—with a rising note of astonishment and hope—"what *does* it mean?"

"I—I don't know!"

True again, but weak. Mrs. Hellier went so far as to open her eyes.

"You—don't—know?"

"No, I don't think I do." And then the poor girl began to weep. In some things she was still very young.

Mrs. Hellier began to breathe again. Hope dawned upon her horizon. And with hope her anger revived.

"Then what on earth *does* it mean?" she stammered. "You have been out with the man daily. All the place must have been discussing it—and laughing behind my back. You have compromised yourself irretrievably with a scoundrel—and you don't know what it means!"

The girl raised her head. "A scoundrel?"

"Certainly—a scoundrel." Mrs. Hellier tried to remember what she had heard, but failed. "He has done something awful in Australia. Everybody is talking about it. And you—and you"—

The situation was too dreadful to be

stated in detail. The lady groaned once more. "A scandal!" she said. "You, and a low fellow of that kind—and you in my house!"

Then she began to consider; and Hope, having dawned, brightened swiftly in spite of all. No, the thing had not gone too far; it seemed that she had intervened just in time. She became furious.

"You poor, addle-pated simpleton!" she said. "I see it all now. The man wants your money, and has gone the right way to get it. He has got his name coupled with yours. . . . And your late uncle was Solicitor to the Diocese!"

By this time poor Miss Vicar's courage had evaporated, and she stood with her head bared to the storm. It was a great storm; and the end did not come for some time, Mrs. Hellier having at last found expression for her feelings. The final sentence was delivered with shrill violence.

"Go to your room! You shall not show your face in the street again until I have decided what to do with you! If you go out—if you stir beyond the garden—I will have the door bolted against you! Leave me this instant! . . . As for that villain, I shall know how to deal with him!"

And Miss Vicars went meekly to find refuge in her own room. We may believe that it was a memorable night for the shame and resentment that filled it, and for the mystery that surrounded everything. Had she done anything unmaidenly? Apparently she had, and any excuse or explanation was out of the question. How could any one, much less her aunt, understand the almost ridiculous reasons which had made the man's company so pleasant? Love?—no, there was certainly no question of that. If he had given the faintest hint of such a thing, the whole matter would have been so much simpler.

. . . And then the poor girl went to



the mirror and examined herself with some care.

Those who best remember Miss Vicars will all agree that she had no special claim to be called beautiful. Hers was a somewhat pale face with large eyes—large, shy eyes, with shadows under them, and almost child-like in their sincerity. Her nose—well, her nose was one which her aunt had always despised for its lack of Roman dignity; while her mouth, though it was well shaped, was never really attractive till she smiled. Altogether, you required to look at her three times before you decided that she was good to look at; and several men, having looked at her once, looked twice at her aunt and then looked elsewhere. Her hair, she thought, was good; but, then, there are many people who do not care for nut-brown.

Then she remembered that she was doing a foolish thing, and went immediately to bed.

Mrs. Hellier had a bad night, for the shock of the evening had been a disastrous one. Fortunately, however, she had been awakened in time, and could avert the worst developments. Yes, there certainly would be gossip, and she shuddered as she thought of the hideous forms it would take; but the last and fatal thing should never be said. The story should always end happily. "Of course it was a great scandal, but it was stopped just in time. Mrs. Hellier, you know, found it out; and then"—Why, her reputation might even be enhanced at last by this unhappy business! She must deal with it in a dignified and decisive manner—that was all.

In the morning she rose early to execute her plan. She had once contemplated going in person to the Cottage on the Green; but that, she decided, would be too great a condescension. She spent a busy hour, therefore, in composing a letter, which she

despatched by the hand of a servant:

"Mrs. Hellier desires to ask David Morgan for an explanation of his conduct with regard to her niece. Apparently he has been forcing his society (?) upon this ignorant and unprotected girl in the most outrageous manner.

"D. Morgan shall be made aware of the fact that the girl is in Mrs. Hellier's legal care, whose late husband was Solicitor to the Diocese of Hexminster and the girl's uncle. There are, therefore, those who are in a position to watch over her welfare and to protect her and her property from the dishonorable designs of low-bred persons. They will also see that she is not persecuted by persons of doubtful character."

This extraordinary but entirely characteristic epistle reached David Morgan while he was sitting in the garden of the cottage reading a morning paper. It was there that most of his visitors found him, the low-ceilinged rooms of the house itself being too confined for his comfort. It might have been noticed that as he sat he generally had his face turned in the direction of the Cathedral. Not that he could see the building itself, but an opening between two high walls afforded just a glimpse of the spire against a background of sky. The colonist said nothing about the spire to any of his visitors, but he generally sat with his face towards it.

When it was sunny, old Thomas Morgan would come and sit for a time with him. He did not talk much, but would rest in a kind of submissive contemplation whose better name might be worship. When he could not go out, the father would often come to the window overlooking the garden and peer through the glass at his son, first polishing his spectacles to get a perfect view. For some minutes he would watch him thoughtfully, and then would return to his chair in the corner, as though to ponder what he had seen. In the

course of an hour he might make that little pilgrimage half-a-dozen times with a pathetic regularity.

David opened the letter with considerable interest and read it carefully through. One reading, however, was not enough, and it was evident that the perusal afforded him something more than a first gleam of amusement. One sentence in particular gave him food for thought, and in a little while he showed that it had found connections in his mind.

He took from his pocket a tiny slip of paper, neatly folded. It was a newspaper cutting, and he had taken it from the Australian Journal which he had found in the house on the day of his arrival; it was, in fact, the very paragraph which Alison had refused to read aloud. Set for an obscure column of gossip headed "Small Talk," it consisted of a few lines of a flippantly malicious character:

"It appears that D——d M——n is leaving his country for a while. Kingsland people who remember his share in the Government House contract scandal will unkindly suggest that he finds the climate oppressive. If he is going to the Old Country he may meet the Premier there. When M——n meets Morgan again there should be a little thunder in the air. Our best wishes are with the Premier."

Morgan read the lines carefully, and then restored the slip to his pocket. A little more steady thought, and he called to his mother. When he was in the garden she was invariably within hearing.

"Just a minute," he said. "Who gave you that newspaper which you were reading on the day I came—the Australian one? Can you remember?"

Could she forget anything connected with that day?

"It was young Charlie Saunders. He does bring one now and again," she answered almost at once.

"Had he shown it to any one else before he brought it here?"

"My dear boy, how can I tell? I didn't ask."

He was puzzled for a moment. Then, "Where did young Saunders get it?"

"He is at the docks, in an office, and the papers sometimes come to the office, he tells me."

"H'm! What kind of office is it?"

"Why, it is Mr. Garland's office. You know Mr. Garland?"

Morgan sat up suddenly. He gave a grim little laugh.

"There!" he said. "That will do, mother. That's all I want to know."

Much puzzled, but implicitly obedient, the little old lady returned to her household duties. Morgan trod the garden-path for a few minutes in deep thought, and with traces of bitterness in his face. Then he read Mrs. Hellier's letter again, and smiled. After that he went into the house, sat down at the table with writing materials at hand, and began to compose a reply.

It was not an easy matter, for every word seemed to need careful selection. Indeed, the manifest difficulty of his task roused the curiosity of his mother, who presently paused to make an inquiry.

"What are you writing, Davy?" she queried. "Is it a letter?"

"I am trying," he said, "to answer a foolish woman according to her folly—which is almost impossible."

The letter, however, was at last completed, and he had no difficulty in finding a messenger to bear it to the house in the West Road. After this he returned to the garden and to a further contemplation of the Cathedral spire.

Mrs. Hellier received the letter before midday, and its prompt appearance gave her a considerable shock. She had not anticipated any answer at all; for persons of Morgan's quality must certainly never "answer back." Imag-

ine her sensations, then, when the following manifesto was spread before her, slightly soiled, written in an uncultured hand, and with at least one misspelling:

"*Dear and Honored Madam*,—You are quite justified in inquiring my intentions, which I ought to have stated sooner, and would have done if I hadn't wanted to be quite sure that your niece was the young lady to suit my taste, which being the case I beg to say that I mean business, and hope to call in a day or two to make a formal proposal, when I trust a satisfactory arrangement for all parties may be reached. I am glad the young lady has got a little property as is commonly reported, as it would be very useful in Kingsland; but being a man of business, I will be very willing to meet you in respect of any out-of-pocket expenses you have been put to on the young lady.

"Trusting you are well and hearty, as it leaves me at present, dear madam, I remain, yours obediently,

*D. Morgan.*"

Mrs. Hellier, still weak from yesterday's shock, seemed to reel beneath this new catastrophe. What had she said—what had she written? Gradually, slowly, the awful truth came home to her that her letter might, indeed, have been genuinely misunderstood, and this grossly ignorant boor had read it in the light of his own amazing self-assurance. Hence this effusion!

Her horror was intense, her chagrin inexpressible. No, she would not write again; it was too dangerous. He was probably exhibiting the first letter even now to a group of loafers at the Black Lion Inn, with his own ludicrous interpretation attached. And this was the man whom Allison had walked with! What on earth was to be done?

What she eventually did was so little characteristic of the self-sufficient Mrs. Hellier that it supplies a fair indication

of her troubled state of mind. On the other hand, it showed that even at this crisis she was able to look for possible advantages. She sent a message to Mr. Garland's rooms, asking that he should call that evening. When she came to reflect, there was hardly any one else in Hexminster whom she could confide in—the Rector last of all. But Garland she knew to be a clever man, and certainly capable of suggesting some way out of the difficulty. Besides, he already sympathized; for it was he that had first opened her eyes, with infinite tact, to the situation. Moreover—and this thought was most gratifying—these events would probably lead him to that declaration which she had been expecting for some time.

Garland came, without any sign of surprise and quietly eager to be of service. He listened sympathetically to as much of the story as Mrs. Hellier chose to impart, and had too much sense to ask to see the letter she did not offer to show him. The gist of it all was that this awful Person actually intended to call and make a proposal. What was to be done to get rid of him?

"Are you afraid that Miss Vicars will say 'Yes'?" queried Garland gravely.

Mrs. Hellier disposed of that question quickly. She intended that Allison should escape the insult of such an offer. The poor girl would be appalled if she found that her thoughtless kindness to the old people and her notice of the son had resulted in such a development. It would probably mean a severe shock to her system.

Garland sincerely hoped that such was the case. He did not know—no one really knew, though everybody talked. He suggested that it might be possible to avoid the Man by leaving Hexminster for a time. On the other hand, the most effective way of dealing with him would be by a public exposure. Once it was proclaimed, with of-

ficial authority, that he was a person of bad character, the public would see at once how absurd the Scandal was.

"Opposition, if I may say so, would only strengthen his position," said Garland smoothly. "The whole place—the common people—would be with him, and the Scandal would be greater than ever. Of course, I see how impossible it is for you to take him seriously. But you can easily *appear* to be willing to hear him. That would render the exposure all the more effective."

He then gave his plan in detail, and Mrs. Hellier was greatly interested. It promised her just the part she loved to play.

"Of course," she said, "you are positive as to the facts?"

"Very," smiled Garland. "A paragraph in an Australian paper caught my eye one day, and led me to make inquiries. I have taken some trouble to discover the truth. But I need not say that had you not required my help I should never have divulged what I know. The unhappy man could have enjoyed his little triumph here and gone away again without a word being said. Your niece, however, must be protected; that is the first consideration."

It was not necessary to describe the relentless skill with which he had followed the trail through the London files of the *Sydney Bulletin* before he could run his victim down, or the keen pleasure with which he had collected the evidence. Mrs. Hellier was left to imagine it.

"But if he refuses?" she asked doubtfully.

"If he refuses he proves himself afraid of an inquiry. You have simply to ask him to meet you in London, so that a certain charge may be investigated by an adviser of yours. If he suspects, he stays away and you have done with him. If he comes, you bring him face to face with the one

man who can denounce him, and whose denunciation will be fatal."

Mrs. Hellier reflected. "It is an excellent plan," she said. "Will you arrange it for me?"

"My dear Mrs. Hellier, I shall be delighted to serve you," he protested almost warmly, "unpleasant as the business will be in some of its aspects. You may depend upon me."

He certainly gave some signs of pleasure in the prospect, though as a rule he was anything but demonstrative; and Mrs. Hellier, feeling that this was almost a declaration in itself, was highly satisfied. In a few minutes, therefore, he left to put his plan into operation, and she did her part by writing a letter to a relative living in Brixton. "It was expedient," she said, "that she and Alison should spend a few days in London shortly. Could dear Frances take them in?" And having posted this letter, she gave the servants siege instructions. If that Man from Australia should call, he must not be allowed to set foot in the house on any account, but was to be dismissed with the curt intimation that "Mrs. Hellier would write."

In two days the Brixton relative replied that she would be glad to receive them the week after next, if that would do. Mr. Garland, being consulted, said that it would, and preparations were duly made. The only person who was not consulted at all was poor Miss Vicars, who walked the garden-paths with listless steps and drooping head.

It was about this time that the Premier of Kingsland—"that other Morgan," as Mrs. Hellier had come to regard him—received a letter which surprised him considerably. It had been sent the Agent-General for the colony, and that gentleman brought it to the Premier at the Hotel Cecil, in the quarters provided him by the Government.

"Dear me," said the Premier, "this is very extraordinary! Had you heard

of David Morgan being in England?"

"No," said the Agent-General mildly, and watching his man with close attention. "I am greatly astonished."

"They want me to help to expose him. What do you think of the idea?"

"It is extremely interesting," was the cautious reply; for the Agent-General was a man of years and experience, and this Premier was distinctly a Person to be studied.

"He is posing as a fine fellow, no doubt," said the Premier vigorously.

*Chambers's Journal.*

"Oh, I'll expose him, with all my heart! You arrange it, Aldridge, will you?"

"Certainly," said the experienced Agent-General. "Anything you wish."

The Premier read the letter again. "It's a very clever idea," he said thoughtfully. "We must help it all we can. But I'm not at all sure that David Morgan—the real David Morgan—is to be caught in this way. I rather fear that they have got hold of the wrong man."

(To be continued.)

## AMERICA IN THE PHILIPPINES.

### I. THE AGITATION

#### FOR INDEPENDENCE AND THE FLAG.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The one paramount question in the Philippines is that of the permanence of American rule. It lies at the root of all political discussion, and is a constantly disturbing factor in every undertaking, social or commercial. Talk of America selling the Philippines to another Power may be set aside as idle. She will do no such thing; but, subject to the highly improbable contingency of the islands being wrested from her by force, she will remain in possession until such time as she sees fit to turn the land over to the Filipinos themselves, in accordance with her policy as originally proclaimed. That policy can best be given in the words of President Taft when he was Secretary of War:—

Shortly stated, the national policy is to govern the Philippine Islands for the benefit and welfare and uplifting of the people of the islands, and gradually to extend to them, as they shall show themselves fit to exercise it, a greater and greater measure of popular self-government. . . . When the Fili-

pino people as a whole show themselves reasonably fit to conduct a popular self-government, maintaining law and order and offering equal protection of the laws and civil rights to rich and poor alike, and desire complete independence of the United States, they shall be given it.

This is clear and unequivocal; but it should be noted that the question of the "fitness" of the Filipinos for self-government at any given time is a matter solely for the decision of the Congress of the United States. If it rested with the Filipinos themselves they would be independent now:—

Whereas the Philippine nation, being positively convinced that it possesses the actual capacity for self-government as a civilized nation, aspires ardently to be independent. . . .

So begins a resolution adopted by the first Philippine Assembly (the elected legislative Chamber of the islands) for presentation to Congress; but meanwhile the Government proceeds as if the islands were an integral and permanent portion of the territories of the United States, and the Filipinos are expected to regard the Stars and Stripes as their national flag. The use of the

flag in the islands is indeed characteristically American and interestingly paradoxical.

If you visit Bilbid Prison in the city of Manila on any afternoon you may in the exercises at evening parade witness a most interesting exhibition of prison discipline. The prison covers an area of 17 acres, and is said, whether truthfully or not, to be the largest in the world. In the open plaza below the central watch-tower in the prison enclosure is stationed the prison band of 50 pieces. In the tower stands the Director, or Assistant Director, with three or four of the prison officials, flanked by the visitors of the day. From the plaza below 16 wide avenues radiate in as many directions between blocks of buildings, so that those looking from the tower-top have the whole plan of the prison spread out, star-wise, as on a map below them; and in each avenue a party or "section" of prisoners, to the strains of the band, goes through a complicated drill with excellent precision. In all there may be any number from 2,500 to 5,000 prisoners at drill, divided into sections of between 200 and 300 each; except that one section only contains, perhaps, no more than 15 or 20 members. But these 15 or 20 are white men—Americans. At the close of the drill the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner," while all present, prisoners, visitors, and officials alike, stand bareheaded or at the salute; and it is impossible not to wonder what the sensation may be of that handful of white men, standing there in their striped convict clothes, before the eyes of some thousands of natives, saluting the flag which they have disgraced. They are not so far away but that they are individually recognizable from the tower-top, and they in turn must see the forms of their countrymen up there against the sky and the flutter of white skirts of countrywomen who may, perhaps, have

been friends of theirs in the old days. To a man of sensibility it must be exquisite torture to be pilloried there during the playing of the air which is so full of associations for every American; and if it is humiliation to the American, what is the meaning of the air, what is the message of the flag, to the Filipino prisoners?

On the 4th of last July (as in preceding years) celebrations of the customary American kind were held throughout the islands. The 4th of July is Independence Day, and its observance commemorates the winning of their independence by the American colonies. There would on the surface appear to be obvious difficulties in celebrating the day with any heartiness amid a people which in its turn is, at least ostensibly, yearning to be independent; and the Fourth of July orator in the Philippines has in truth a delicate task. But, so far as outward observance goes, many Filipinos join in the ceremonies. This year in the city of Manila there was a gigantic procession, divided into two sections, a military and a civic, which in length, in orderliness, and elaborateness of organization would have done credit to any city in the United States. In the military section were four battalions of the Philippine Scouts, a force with a record of which any white regiment might be proud, and composed, even to some of the commissioned officers, of Filipinos. In the civic section there marched a detachment of the constabulary, an organization resembling some of our British Colonial semi-military police forces (or perhaps more closely the Mexican *Rurales*), consisting of Filipinos, which preserves order admirably throughout the Christian islands. There were also some hundreds of Filipino *employés* of various Government departments. There was a brake-load of Filipino girls who had recently won their diplomas as hospital nurses. Everywhere, throughout the



length of the parade, fluttered the Stars and Stripes, the flag of freedom; and beneath it, in the rout of miscellaneous vehicles which brought up the rear of the procession, large signs here and there caught the eye—"We Demand Immediate Independence!" "Liberty or Death!" "Independence regardless of Race, Creed, or Color!" There are Americans in the Philippines who think that it might be wiser if, for a time at least, the Fourth of July were to be a little less demonstratively celebrated.

Three weeks later, on July 25, Manila was again *en fête* in honor of Mr. John M. Dickinson, United States Secretary of War, who had arrived in the islands on the preceding day. As one part of the festivities a body of 5,000 Filipino school children sang American patriotic songs, massed in a huge open-air grand stand. Among the songs was "Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue," which, by a curious process of appropriation, the American people have of late years come to cherish as one of the most popular and most distinctively American national airs. The 5,000 children were dressed some in red, some in white, and some in blue; and they were so seated that the whole grand stand made one great American flag. At the close of the proceedings the children stood up and gave three cheers for the Secretary of War, 5,000 childish trebles shouting in unison "Heep! Heep! Hoorrá!" in the queer clipped speech of the Oriental. It was very pretty; and afterwards I spoke to one of the leading Filipino public men and asked him what those children, down in their little hearts, really thought of the flag which they patterned so charmingly and waved with so much enthusiasm, and there was no hesitation in his reply:—

They hate it—everyone of them! The Americans will tell you that that is not so; but I tell you that every child is taught at home to hate the Stars and

Stripes. The Americans know nothing of our nature; they never will know anything. We are Orientals, and we do not show our feelings; and, therefore, you will hear that the mass of the people is indifferent and has no real yearning for independence. It is not true. We wave the flag because, for the present, we must; and we hate it more and more.

The speaker was a politician; and any American will tell you that such talk is the stock-in-trade of the *politico*, and that, but for the agitators, the people at large would be contented enough under American rule. None the less, so far as there are any political parties in the Philippines, their creeds differ only in the degree of their professed animosity to American domination and the urgency with which they demand independence.

Roughly there are two chief parties, the *Progresistas*, who are willing to accept for a while the authority of the United States as a necessary evil, looking to independence as the goal to be attained at as early a date as possible, and the *Nacionalistas*, who demand independence at once. The *Nacionalistas* have a majority in the Assembly and undoubtedly command the larger following in the people; but they themselves have at times been split into various groups, the names of which—*Independistas*, *Immediatistas*, *Urgentistas* (which last are more immediate than the *Immediatistas*)—sufficiently indicate their natures. Public men, indeed, it may be said, vie one with another in popular favor only by outbidding each other in the ferocity of their demands for liberty.

The Filipinos have a flag of their own, the so-called Katipunan flag, the flag of brotherhood or comradeship, which is divided longitudinally into equal parts of red and blue, with, at the base, a white triangle on which is set a yellow, or golden, sun surrounded with three stars. As a result

of riots in the city of Manila a few years ago, in which the flag figured largely, it is now forbidden by law to make such a flag or to have one in one's possession. One lies before me as I write, and before the tailor would make it he had to be given official guarantees of immunity from punishment. There are believed to be great numbers of such flags about the islands, inside the bamboos which make the framework of native houses and in similar places of concealment. It may be so or not; but, while the banning of the Katipunan flag was undoubtedly wise and even necessary, one is tempted to wonder whether the display of the Stars and Stripes is either necessary or wise. The American people is given at all times to what seems to Europeans an excess of the flag-waving habit. It appears to be considered a necessary function of patriotism, and, in the United States, is used as one of the most effective instruments in the training of the masses of immigrant children in the sentiment of citizenship. But the Filipinos are not intended to be

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citizens of the United States. They are being trained to become an independent, self-governing nation. America is not to be their motherland, but only their foster motherland; and one is tempted to doubt whether a sentiment of temporary patriotism is worth cultivating, even if such a sentiment be thinkable. On the other hand, if there is, in even a limited number of the people, any real distaste for the Stars and Stripes, is it not merely a provocation to animosity to thrust it into the hands of the school-children and insist that they wave it and cheer it? Certainly there are Filipino orators who see therein, or affect to see, proof that America never intends to surrender the country; and to the visitor it looks as if, by this immoderate insistence on the use of the flag as the national emblem, the Americans were but putting weapons in the hands of the demagogue and helping to keep alive the agitation for immediate independence which is now the chief obstacle in the path of good government and of the healthful development of the islands.

## MAIL-BAGS.

NO. V.—THE M.P.'S.

To Samuel Soames, Esq., M.P.,  
The House of Commons.

Dear Mr. Soames,—On Thursday evening next the motion to give facilities for the Women's Franchise Bill will be before the House. The Bill must pass. We intend it to pass. We have said so, and we are taking steps to ensure it. To speak quite frankly, we intend to make life unendurable for those who are pusillanimous enough to vote against the Bill.

I am taking you into my confidence, dear Mr. Soames, because I am quite sure you are going to use your vote and your very great influence on our

side. No sensible man could do otherwise after studying the literature I enclose, which sets out a few of our main arguments. Please sign and return to me your promise to vote for the Bill. Yours for the Cause,

C.P. | K.L.

Cynthia Perkins

17 Enclos. (Organizing Secretary).

(Answer: Mr. Soames has always had the best interests of women deeply at heart, and hopes to be in his place on Thursday evening to record his vote on the right side.)

Dear Mr. Soames,—Of course that ridiculous Women's Franchise Bill must be killed, and we are relying on you to help in the good work. No

really nice woman wants the vote, and no man who looks into the future with the eye of a statesman would ever jeopardise the safety of the Empire by granting it.

To vote for the Bill would mean ruin to any man's political future, and we are quite sure that *you* are clear-sighted enough to see this. However, I am enclosing a few pamphlets to help you in your decision. Will you please sign the promise to vote against the Bill?

Yours very truly,

Margaret Caryl-Stuart

M.C.|E.R. (Organizing Secretary).  
23 Enclos.

(Answer: Mr. Soames has always had the best interests of women deeply at heart, and hopes to be in his place on Thursday evening to record his vote on the right side.)

Dear Sir,—In case you have not yet read my book, "The Scarlet Peril," I am enclosing a signed copy, with compliments. You, I am certain, will at once grasp its tremendous import to the nation. As one of your constituents—I think I may say without boasting, one of your most influential constituents—I should be greatly obliged if you would table the following question in the House:

"To ask the Secretary of State for War if he has read 'The Scarlet Peril,' by Captain Boffington Bulger, obtainable from all booksellers at 4s. 6d. net, or direct from the author, 'The Banyans,' Diddlehampton, for 5s. 0d. post free; and, if so, what steps he proposes to take in view of the very grave state of affairs divulged in the said book."

I hope, Sir, that you will not allow this question to be burked or shelved, but will press it before the House with the utmost vigor.

Yours faithfully,

Boffington Bulger

(Late Captain the Diddlesex  
Volunteers).

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(Answer: Mr. Soames has already seen "The Scarlet Peril" on the book-stalls, and would congratulate the author on having brought the question so vividly to the notice of the nation. Mr. Soames has always had the matter deeply at heart, and would gladly urge it forward did not the interests of Party discipline forbid. As a military man, Captain Bulger will be the first to appreciate the force of this objection.)

Dear Sir,—No doubt you already know the merits of our Five Star Bundersleigh Nettle-Beer, but I am taking the liberty of sending to your private address a case of same for you to sample at your leisure.

I am writing this to ask you if you will please urge the Catering Committee of the House of Commons to stock and push this brand. Believe me, ours is *The Best*. As our motto states, it is "The King of Nettle-Beers and the Nettle-Beer of Kings."

Yours faithfully,

Ebenezer Wilks.

(Answer: Mr. Soames has always had deeply at heart the fostering of local industries. He proposes to forward the sample case so kindly supplied by Mr. Wilks to the Catering Committee of the House of Commons, where he hopes it will meet with the treatment it so richly deserves.)

Dear Sir,—Of course you know that I induced my uncle to vote for you at the last Election, because I felt you had such a beautiful outlook on the Prevention of Cruelty to Rabbits Bill. So now I am going to ask you a small favor in return.

My dear boy, Gussie, has really splendid abilities, but somehow he has never seemed to find the proper scope for them. You probably know that he had to give up the Civil Service and the Bar because of his dislike of the ridiculous questions they set in the ex-

aminations, and he never seemed happy in schoolmastering, fruit-farming in California, estate-managing, journalism, tea-broking, pursing or debt-collecting. The very post for him would be by the side of some strong, noble character, and that is why I want you to take my dear boy as your assistant private secretary and really look after him and bring out the best that is in him.

I have his boxes all packed and can  
Punch.

send him to you at a moment's notice.

Yours very truly,

*Madeline Linden.*

(Answer:—*Mr. Soames.* Tell her I'm afraid my private secretary is terribly cantankerous and difficult to get on with.

*Mr. Soames' Secretary.* Oh, Sir!

*Mr. Soames.* Well, then, tell her I have something or other deeply at heart.)

## THE NETHERLANDS AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

One may not find in the mutual visits of kings the tremendous political meaning apparent to the journalist, yet these visits are not negligible quantities. When the Tsar visits the German Emperor at Potsdam, or the German Emperor visits the King of the Belgians at Brussels, one cannot help thinking of the relations of the Powers and the European balance. This country cannot look with unconcern on the relations of Germany with Holland and Belgium or of Holland and Belgium mutually. In those countries there are movements affecting others than themselves. The Belgians are looking round. The wealth of Belgium is immense; her industry unrivalled; her population thickest of any land. Because Belgium is so desirable a land, the Belgians feel they must prepare against attack. They have little faith in the guarantees given by the Powers when the Belgian kingdom was set up that they would enforce respect for the neutrality of Belgian territories in any event. They ask for a definite alliance with Holland, whose situation, should war break out in Europe, would resemble theirs. The most judicious believe an understanding with Germany must be the corollary of such an

alliance, and the reception they gave the German Emperor shows they would welcome it.

The first move towards this entente was made by Belgium. In this there was nothing strange. When they cut themselves free in 1830, it was not against the Dutch people that the Belgians revolted, but against the Dutch King, William I.—the conscientious, narrow-minded, stubborn ruler, too Liberal to be a king, too kingly to be a Liberal, who, in his wide ambition for Holland, did every wrong to Belgium a king could do. There was nothing but the King's misgovernment to separate the Belgians from the Dutch. There was no religious difficulty, for the law prescribed freedom of worship; no racial difficulty, for the Dutch are akin to the Flemish; no difficulty of language, for there is little difference between the spoken languages of the Dutch and the Flemish, and the written language is the same for both peoples. The Belgians lost most by separating themselves from Holland. In the years immediately after the separation they did not count the cost. Later, the ever-growing prosperity of their country enabled them to ignore it, to-day, their prosperity still on the in-

crease obliges them to turn to Holland for alliance and support.

The Catholics of Belgium are most eager for the alliance with Holland and the understanding with Germany. They dread French influence, because of France's action towards the Church; whereas the politic action of the Emperor William—his support of religious orders—has won them entirely. They do not fear alliance with Holland. The law of religious liberty established in that country is little likely to be disturbed. There has been for years a more or less close union in Holland between the political parties of the Catholics and the Protestant Conservatives. Moreover, while there are few Protestants in Belgium, there are many Catholics in Holland, and the Catholic leaders think that, while they might gain a good deal by alliance, they could lose nothing. The Liberals of Belgium are in favor of a Dutch alliance. Though they approve of the expulsion of the religious orders from France, they also represent the great manufacturing and commercial interests of Belgium. These, too, dread France of to-day, where strike follows strike, and Socialism gets every day more out of hand. As to the Belgian Socialists, although they applaud all that passes in France, they, too, are in favor of an alliance with Holland, which would enable them to strengthen their union, already close, with their comrades of Amsterdam and other Dutch centres where Socialism flourishes.

This is the situation in Belgium. In Holland there is no danger of religious disturbance to excite any party, but the desire for alliance with Belgium is none the less great. There is the Belgian Army. The manufactures of Belgium complement the commerce of Holland. Preference shown to Dutch lines would be a source of considerable profit, as would special arrangements regarding railway tariffs and the like.

Behind these economic considerations there is history. If Belgium declares herself content to remain "Little Belgium," Holland has never been content to be "Little Holland." At the moment the Belgians were planning revolt against his rule, King William I. of Holland was planning to extend his kingdom. The pride of the house of Orange is still great and its ambition not small. Queen Wilhelmina is willing to make alliances provided her power be enlarged. Her people and Government are willing to enter into alliance on equal terms with their neighbors. The understanding between the two countries was so far advanced a comparatively short time ago that the preliminaries for a Conference were arranged at which the terms of a political alliance were to be drawn up. The war scare was at its height at the moment. Certain Great Powers, having information of what was on foot, let it be understood that they would prevent the proposed alliance by every means in their power. In it they saw the basis of a union, offensive and defensive, between Holland, Belgium and Germany. Thus threatened, Holland and Belgium had to retire; but not for long. No more was heard for the moment of a political alliance, but a Conference between the leading members of the Dutch and Belgian Chambers was summoned. This Conference has now become a permanent one. Under the presidency of M. Beernaert, the distinguished Belgian statesman and diplomatist, it holds its sittings alternately at The Hague and Brussels. Its public discussions are confined to the consideration of economic questions, tariffs, import duties, railway rates, and the like; but in informal conversation matters of far graver importance are decided. By this Conference an official link already connects the two countries. The alliance between their leading parliamentarians is practically a political al-

liance between the two countries. If need be, official confirmation of the alliance will follow with a speed to surprise many.

Perhaps one of the best illustrations of the thoroughness of the understanding between the countries is to be found in the manner in which their military preparations are made. Belgium having reorganized her army, Holland has resolved to carry out a large scheme of coast defence. All along the coast forts are to be erected. Forty millions of florins are to be spent on the

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work; and Flushing is to be strongly fortified. Enemies of the Hollando-Belgic Alliance pretend to believe the fortifications are to be erected against Belgium, to prevent an English fleet from entering the Scheldt for the relief of Antwerp should Belgium be invaded. Really it is for the support of Belgium the works will be carried out. Holland and Belgium want no war; but they are prepared to fight together should war be forced on them. For they believe if one country falls, the other cannot stand.

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### THE DEVELOPING FLUID.

Character is not generally very strongly marked in youth. Needless to say, there are great exceptions to this rule. There are families whose features, both mental and physical, are salient from the first, and individuals whose profiles all their friends can swear to. "There he is," they say, whether they are contemplating his face, his words, or his actions, whether the picture presented to them belongs to the present or the past. It may also be said with truth that there are a few, a very few, people whose characters become blurred with the years. Fate places them among stronger natures than their own. They reflect their surroundings, and superimposed impressions destroy the original lines, or the lubrications of perpetual prosperity injure the sharpness of the relief. Now and then this partial annihilation of the personality comes of adversity. We are all too prone to comfort ourselves with the thought that trouble improves character. If it did, the duty of saving other people from it where we can would be less obvious and urgent. Sometimes the chief effect of pain and anxiety is to injure the nerves,—an injury resulting in the dis-

integration of character, which slowly resolves itself into moods.

But all these cases are, as we have said, exceptional. As a rule the sharp outlines of character are not seen till some developing fluid, some essence of compelling circumstance, has passed over it, and then it stands out, not to be dimmed again. Before men and women come to themselves they go, as a rule, through some experience which turns for them the trite into the true, which makes some portion of the world's great fortune of philosophy their own. If they are very lucky, they may come to recognize that the world has been maligned, and that a good many people are, for a portion of their lives at least, as happy as the day is long. Or fate may show them "weary things." They may learn how great a factor in life is death, how little that can be acquired is worth having, how many so-called gifts must be paid for. But whether their first real experience come through pain or pleasure, through loss or gain, after it the character is more fully vitalized and more easily read than before:—

For deeper their voice comes, and nobler their bearing,



Whose youth in the fires of anguish has died.

Apart from individual experiences, however, the great factors in the development of character are liberty, responsibility, and work. But liberty comes in such different ways. For women it comes most often through marriage. Of course the word "liberty" is vaguely used in common speech. We all call the person who is in authority free; and indeed authority has the same effect upon character as freedom. No doubt the person in authority is very often under authority, and hardly more independent than the person whose will is a law to no one. Nevertheless the stamp of the free is upon those who rule, even though they are ruled in their turn. Usually a married woman has a more strongly marked character than her unmarried sister. Her friends find it more easy to call up her mental face; they are more sure how she will act in given circumstances. Marriage is almost always fraught with some surprises to the student of character. These surprises are loosely described as changes; but change in character is so rare an occurrence, more especially in women, that it should never be regarded as an explanation unless all others fail. The shadowy lines visible only to the keenest and closest observers were the same as those which later have stood out clearly in black and white. Nine women in ten have more space after they are married for the exercise of their wills than they had before; therefore we can all see more clearly what they really are. The most tyrannical husband cannot rob a woman of her authority over her children and her household. The good woman is better, the hard woman is harder, the mean woman meaner, than ever she was. But what marriage does for the majority work undoubtedly does for the few. The professional woman has almost al-

ways a strong individuality. The developing fluid of work and responsibility has bitten in the lines, which are sometimes worthy of the pencil of a Dürer. It is strange that governesses, who accepted responsibility and worked for their living in hundreds before the modern professional woman was heard of, should have been as a rule so mentally amorphous; but though they had in one sense independence, they had no liberty. The modern professional woman, though under terrible bondage to her earnings, though she goes always in fear of illness and occasionally even in dread of the workhouse itself, is in a sense more free than any one. When her work is done, her goings and comings concern herself alone. Her life is somewhat unnatural, and she tends a little to eccentricity. The face of her character becomes not only lined but wrinkled.

Oddities are few now among men. Sometimes we hear some one complain that the amusingness of life is diminished by the great pressure towards uniformity which the modern world puts upon the majority. There are plenty still to be found among professional women who do not see much society but that of their fellow-workers, and often no male society at all, and whose only amusement is talk. Where this is the case the smaller conventionalities are never regarded—they are so dull in conversation—and no departure from ordinary practice or conclusion is deprecated because it tends to variety. Fortunately almost all women are by nature religious, so that those essential points where morality and convention join and can never be disentangled stand with the greater number in no danger of violation. Speaking generally, we honestly believe that the eccentricities we have alluded to almost always tend to goodness. Heroic devotion to duty, a *camaraderie* which the boasted *camaraderie* of men does not

surpass, and an unselfishness which touches alternately on the sublime and the ridiculous are all to be found in their ranks.

It is unfortunate that a determined search for amusement in talk so often vitiates the judgment while it sharpens the wits. It is not having nothing else to do which leads to wild talk among the educated. It is having nothing else to play at,—for some recreations we must all have, and the want of the natural diversions of the home has lately led many educated women into sad excesses. All newly acquired wealth tends to destroy grace of character while, it is new. New knowledge and new independence are almost the same as new money, and all three are new to women. For money which is "allowanced" and money which is earned have a different effect. Among men the learned have long ago found their own level. It is to be hoped that the rich will do so when they become still commoner.

At present it is often difficult to avoid the cynical view that money has an immense deal to do with the development of character. No sooner does a class or layer of society obtain a little money, no sooner is it able to give its mind to something besides its bread, than it begins to cease to be a mere crowd. The individuality of each item is better distinguishable, and strong men make themselves felt. Hardship is said to develop character, but it must not go too far. A dead-level of hardship tends without doubt to destroy individuality; it must be endured for an end if it is to do good. Unavoidable, inevitable hardship without hope is as destructive as softness pursued for its own sake. After all, softness has in some sense its developing properties. At any rate, comfort has, both among men and women. Men's tastes have a great deal to do with their personalities, and the ability to indulge them brings out both good and bad qualities

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as surely as what we consider more serious tests. We are astonished sometimes when we see the effects of prosperity. It enables a man to be what he always wished to be. It increases his geniality and his serenity, and gives him leisure for sympathy and for the cultivation of his higher life; or else it emboldens him to show himself what he always was, a boaster, a brute, or a sensualist. His money is for him a developing fluid which has brought out a picture surprising perhaps even to himself. It is an odd thing that a certain amount of prosperity generally accompanies responsibility. All good men and women look on responsibility as the only yoke which brings freedom, the only burden which is a reward, for men do not attain to it till they have struggled out of the bonds of bread-winning in the stricter sense. Most of the "developing fluids" which reveal character take a little time to act. It is not in a moment that we perceive their effect. It is not sudden disaster nor sudden gratification which can tell us much. Danger, no doubt, may suddenly reveal a character; but is the revelation entirely to be trusted? The instinct of self-preservation is horribly strong in some good men who, given time, could muster strength finally to beat down Satan under their feet.

It is an odd thing that we all—in theory—prefer a bad to an amorphous character. We like to see the lines. We would all sooner be thought bad men than nonentities. In practice we do not feel quite the same. How gladly we would many of us convert a strong bad relation into a comparatively harmless poor creature. It is a question upon which experience and intuition remain at variance. We suppose the real explanation lies in the fact that the best of us crave for life more than we hate evil, and that the sight of vitality satisfies some desire which goes deeper than the desire for moral beauty.

## BIRD MIGRATION. \*

Of all the many problems of animated nature awaiting solution, few, if any, have of late received more attention than—perhaps the most mysterious of all—the migration of birds.

Mr. Eagle Clarke and the other painstaking observers working with him have during the last few years learnt and taught us much, but only enough to show that still, as Prof. Newton wrote some twenty years ago, "our ignorance is immense."

What is the propelling power which at the appointed seasons sets the great hosts in motion? It seems now at least probable that almost every bird is in some degree migratory, and that even the robins and thrushes that come to the windows for crumbs in winter are more often than not other birds than those which nested in the garden in the spring.

When and how in the long-past eternity were the great aerial highways from zone to zone first marked out, to last apparently for all time? Our boasted Roman roads, Aitken streets and Watling streets are, compared to these, things of yesterday.

How is the knowledge of the chart passed on, without fault or break, from generation to generation? If old birds led the way the matter would be less incomprehensible. But, writes Herr Gütke, as "the *incontestable result*" of fifty years' watch in Helligoland:—

"under normal conditions, the autumn migration is initiated by the young birds from about six or eight weeks after leaving the nest.

"The parents of these young individuals," he adds, "do not follow until one or two months later!"

<sup>1</sup> "Ornithological Notes from a South London Suburb, 1874-1909. A Summary of Thirty-five Years' Observations, with some Facts and Fancies concerning Migration." By F. D. Power. Pp. 60+chart. (London, Henry J. Glaser, 55-57 Wigmore Street, W.) Price s. 6d. net.

How and under what physical conditions are the journeys made?

Mr. Pycraft is a writer to whom ornithologists already owe much, and from whom they confidently look for more. His views will always carry weight, but they may change. Just now he thinks it "hardly necessary to attempt to bring rebutting evidence" to confute Herr Gütke's closely-reasoned argument that migration flights must be made at speeds which,

Through the mists and vapors,  
Amid these earthly damps,

may well seem incredible; but, with atmospheric resistance removed, need seem no longer so.

The veteran ornithologist's dream of "the existence of a special respiratory mechanism, enabling birds to remain in strata of the atmosphere beyond the reach of all other organized beings," may yet prove true. There are things more improbable. Then we shall think nothing of flights at a speed of "a hundred and eighty miles an hour."

Airy navies grappling in the central blue

not many months ago seemed impossibilities. Now they seem uncomfortable probabilities.

These are a few only of the questions which have yet to be answered before we can hope to understand what the migration of birds means. The answers are not likely to be given in the lifetime of our generation, if ever. It is only by the patient collation of trustworthy observations, spread over a long series of years, that any general conclusions can be hoped for. We may sow, but others must reap.

A modest and unpretending little volume, lately published, "Ornithological Notes from a South London Suburb, 1874-1909," by Mr. F. D. Power, is a

useful contribution to the general stock of knowledge of a fascinating subject. The first chapters of the book, well worth publication though they are, will appeal rather to local than to general readers.

It is interesting to know what birds are to be looked for in one's own neighborhood, and where and when they have been seen there. But there is not much to be said of thrushes and tits in Surrey or Middlesex which is not to be noted as well in other counties.

There is the usual sad tale to tell—and it is very well told—of wild life crowded out by growing human populations.

The lake in Dulwich Park, for instance, was once, Mr. Power writes, a favorite resting-place for passing ducks. He has seen "on and about this comparatively small sheet of water seven species not observed elsewhere in the district. In one day in October, 1898, there were five scaups and four shovellers on the lake, and the tufted duck nested on the island for three or four years." The common sandpiper was a regular visitor, and the kingfisher not uncommon. Boats have been placed on the water, and "the saddened bird-lover has now little chance of even an early morning note of extra interest."

On Mitcham Common, once a favorite nesting-place of many small birds, golf balls have taken the place of eggs.

It is in the "Migration Notes," and more especially in a broadsheet table printed at the end, that the chief interest of the volume for ornithologists living beyond the "South London Nature.

Suburb" will be found, and a very real interest it is.

Mr. Power has, during a long succession of autumn migrations, kept careful records of the forces and direction of the wind and of the size and direction of the flights passing within sight of his garden. In a simple and admirably clear chart, the results of his observations are shown for every day, without a single gap, for the month of October for twenty-five years.

The rather surprising conclusions to which his observations have led him would seem to find at least *prima facie* justification in the facts tabulated. He sums up as follows:—

"It used to be supposed, and by many the idea is still held, that birds come and go with wind favoring them. . . . My observations during these many years have convinced me that migrants travel best and by choice *against* the wind. . . . My experience is [he is speaking of the autumnal migration] that the only *visible* and *sustained* migration *in numbers* is invariably in a N.W., W., or S.W. direction *almost directly against the wind*, even when such approaches a stiff breeze, the birds in their progress meeting the wind on the right or left breast."

The italics are Mr. Power's.

The photograph of "the garden from which the migration notes were taken" does not, certainly, suggest exceptionally favorable opportunities.

His little book, like Alphonse Kerr's delightful "Voyage autour de mon jardin," shows how much is to be seen by "the observing eye" without going far from home.

T. Digby Pigott.

## THE UNROMANTIC DETECTIVE.

It may be noted with tempered satisfaction that the house of Newnes has persuaded Sir A. Conan Doyle to revive that excellent hero, Sherlock Holmes, who figures with his usual gallantry in a December story. Carlyle, who once wrote and delivered a set of lectures on *Heroes and Hero Worship*, a book which is now published with deprecatory introductions, had not the fortune to live in these purple days of prodigal splendor. The sage of Cheyne Row therefore missed much which might have leavened his grim philosophy. As instance, he did not know, as we know, the fascinating personality of Sherlock Holmes, nor had he the privilege of watching the perfect mechanism of the detective's mind at work. Certainly, if such a privilege had occurred to Carlyle there would have been another addition to the book of lectures, and Sherlock himself might have figured as the inspiration of a paper on the hero as detective.

Now, I do not care habitually to rub the bloom off the ripened peach or blow the dust from a wine of rare vintage which has been long in the cellar. It may be held that an illusion which is pleasant and utterly harmless may be cherished, even if the belief at the back of it is palpably untrue. Thus one may believe and enjoy the knowledge that women are all angels, that marriages are made in heaven, and that long life is induced by cold baths, chemical foods, and open windows. None of these things is true, but belief in them does not amount to much, one way or another; so if people gain pleasure by them—well, what's the odds! But it is questionable whether our pleasant faith in Sherlock Holmes, his life and adventures, does not do positive harm by teaching us to expect too much of the detective. We take Sherlock, the mag-

nificent, and, gloating over his precision and perfection, set him up as a shining ideal, and expect every plain-clothes constable to live up to it. This is scarcely fair. Give Sherlock Holmes a trifle of cigar-ash, a magnifying glass, and a dose of cocaine, and he will trace the life of the criminal from the cradle to the crime, and walk straight out of his rooms at Baker Street into the criminal's haunt, den, or apartment. Contemplation of this kind of feat, oft repeated with a monthly monotonous success, leads the admirer to believe all detectives should be as capable as Sherlock Holmes. One begins to expect the same precision and perfection from Scotland Yard as one gets from the *Strand Magazine*. When the promoted policeman who is a detective, and a fallible man at that, fails in his task of sleuthing crime, critics with Sherlock, the magnificently accurate, in their minds, bite their fingers in bitter jaundice and, as one man, begin to write to the papers about the latest police scandal. Believe me, it is not good enough; it is not cricket; it is not fair; and, as Sir Charles Wyndham, the evergreen criterion in the circus, does say, "It won't work, it won't work."

In the interests of the poor detective of real life, I think it is necessary to blow the cobwebs off the vessel that contains the rare vintage. One ought at least to remember that the detective of real life is a man who has only just escaped from being a policeman. Give him cigar-ash, a magnifying glass, and a dose of cocaine, and nothing will come of it beyond surcease through the doping and a dulness which is reaction. The ordinary detective cannot look at the mud on a man's trouser-ends and tell to a yard where he keeps his country house. He cannot look at the finger-prints on a bell-push and deduce

the facts that the finger which last pressed the button belonged to a seafaring man, who was unvaccinated, had red hair, a green parrot, a wooden leg, and his name, Jack Johnson, tattooed on the left shoulder-blade. Sherlock Holmes could do all this with one hand tied behind his back; but then he gets a big price for performing miracles. Nor can the ordinary detective sit up all night playing the violin and solving knotty problems as he coaxes the latest sand-dance from the vibrant catgut. The ordinary detective is a man, and one step, a simple one, is enough for him at a time. Sherlock Holmes, on the contrary, is a wizard. He never lived a real life; he never solved a real crime; he never dogged a real criminal. He is just a shining ideal, so wonderful that even a slow-witted Government recognized the merit of the mere act of creation and knighted the author. One other advantage Sherlock Holmes possesses. He makes the crime explain the clues. The ordinary detective of commerce has to make the clues explain the crime.

There is a difference. Sherlock Holmes solves his problems snugly ensconced on the mat in Baker Street and wrapped up in a dressing-gown. The ordinary detective has to perform without even a carpet. I have only known one detective. He looked almost as dull as I do, but he wore a better hat. He also smelt of rum, a penetrating fluid that does not necessarily promote acute reasoning. The criminal was in the house opposite to mine; the solution lay in watching; the only place of satisfactory vigil was my garden. When he asked permission to use my garden I granted it, disliking the man. For three nights he stood there watching. It was November, and it rained the misty, soggy rain peculiar to November each night. The rain fell in a moist, misty blanket of wetness, and, catching our only tree,

collected there for a spell and then dropped in big tearful splashes down the detective's neck. He must have been horribly wet for three nights, and all he saw was (1) the boy from the oilshop delivering goods; (2) a cab which delivered a drunken man, in the dead of the night, to the unsuspected house next door; (3) the night policeman, in oilskins, trying the latches; and (4) your servant going to the last post. Nothing came of all this. The criminal, who was caught for another crime twelve months after, was arrested by an ordinary constable, with the help of a cabman, in fine weather.

That seems to be all there is in being a detective. You wait round the corner and get wet. Or perhaps you get your head punched. Not an heroic life; it lacks in charm and variety, and is not uniformly successful. Detection played in this manner has no rooms in Baker Street nor a good friend Watson. There is not even a dressing-gown, an old violin, or the dear lad Billy. The only thing the real detective shares with Sherlock Holmes is shag. There are no pistols, fireworks, or splendid moments when one points the accusing finger, calls the minions of the law, and says loudly "Arrest that man" in the melodramatic manner. The detective, after getting wet while successfully watching, usually performs unobtrusively. He taps his quarry on the shoulders. "You are Mr. Blank?" he suggests. Admitted. There is a little matter Mr. Blank may help the detective to adjust if he does not mind, and Mr. Blank says "With pleasure." They therefore step round the corner. That is the end—no curtain, no cheers, no limelight, and no hero worship. Simply and solely, all the detective gets apart from his pay is lumbago.

It is necessary the public should know these things. Reading Sherlock Holmes, they expect too much, and get irritable when sordid crime does not



promptly turn to splendid romance. They should remember that the detective is a man and a brother, and not a Sherlock Holmes with a god-like manner and an insight as swift and lucid as lightning. The detective of real life eats bread and cheese and onions; lives in a little house, and nurses his own baby; enjoys the same misery as we all do when our feet are wet. Knowing this, one can then give him real credit for sticking to a doleful task under dismal conditions, and occasionally suc-

*The Outlook.*

ceeding despite the most depressing odds. If one judges him on the wet-feet basis instead of in the Baker Street manner, he really does begin to loom heroically. Indeed, the finest heroism often does begin when one leaves the velvet-pile carpets behind in Baker Street and stands under the trees, a miserable man, with the water trickling on to that part of the anatomy which makes one think of all the pictures that tell a story.

*George Edgar.*

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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In two little volumes, one entitled "Love, Friendship and Good Cheer" and the other "Faith, Hope, Love," Grace Browne Strand brings together a multitude of brief selections in prose and verse from ancient and modern sources relating to the subjects indicated. The range of choice is wide, and some of the selections, brief though they are, are worth remembering. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Books for young people in the latest instalment of Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) include Miss Yonge's delightful story of "The Little Duke, or Richard the Fearless"; Thomas Bulfinch's "The Age of Fable"; a volume of sketches of "Heroes of England,"—Drake, Raleigh and others—by J. G. Edgar; and for the very little folk "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes, Songs and Riddles" illustrated, based upon Hallwell Phillipps's Nursery Rimes.

In "Star People" Miss Katharine Fay Dewey retells for children the old mythological stories of the constellations and Miss Frances Comstock adds

to their attractiveness by illustrations in a vein of pretty fantasy. Miss Dewey has a vivacious style, and children who read her book, or to whom indulgent parents read it, will find it none the less diverting for its numerous asides, and the bits of cheerful verse with which it is interspersed. The Houghton Mifflin Co.

To his series of stories of Famous Leaders, Charles H. L. Johnston adds a volume on Famous Scouts, which L. C. Page & Co. publish in a substantial volume uniform with the earlier books. This book, like its predecessors, is a record of stirring adventure, full of virile energy and true essentially to the facts of history. Mr. Johnston's range of subjects extends from General Israel Putnam and Daniel Boone down to Dr. Powell and Buffalo Bill. There are several portraits and other illustrations.

Miss Emilia Elliott's "A Texas Blue Bonnet" reverses the ordinary conventional attitude of the East and the West and shows a ranch girl as detesting her life in Texas. In desperation, she begs to come to Massachusetts and

at first finds severity of discipline very hard to bear; but by submitting to it, both at school and at home so strengthens her character that she becomes a salutary influence and a most satisfactory guest and companion to her school-mates and to the members of her family. The story is both pretty and unhackneyed in its simplicity and is as unlike the ordinary tale of Texas as anything to be imagined. L. C. Page & Co.

The J. B. Lippincott Company adds to its holiday editions of juvenile books two charming volumes: Jean Ingelow's fascinating story of "Mopsa the Fairy"; and "Bimbi" containing seven stories for children by Louisa de la Rame (Ouida). "Mopsa" appears in all the splendor of large type and wide margins, with ten illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk, and a number of illustrations in black and white. "Bimbi" is of uniform size and appearance, except that the length of the stories compels the use of smaller type. This also is illustrated in color by Maria L. Kirk, who has succeeded admirably in both instances in interpreting the imaginative quality of the text.

Miss Mary Rogers Bangs' "Jeanne D'Arc, the Maid of Orleans," shows close and careful study not only of the chronicles and of the older historians and essayists, but of the modern writers who have retold the story since the process of the maid's Beatification began. Two other and larger books on the same subject appear this season, but neither of them reveals much more of history than may be found in Miss Bangs' pages. Miss Bangs is entirely free from any tendency to exaggerated enthusiasm, but she finds strong words in which to express herself in regard to the Maid of Domremy, and her story will please readers of all ages. Miss Bangs has very well accomplished the

work of writing well upon a subject already treated by so many masters. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mr. Temple Scott's "The Christmas Treasury of Song and Verse" (The Baker & Taylor Company) is an anthology which, while especially meant for this season, will last through the year and through many years. Mr. Scott has ranged through centuries of English and American verse,—from Milton to Bliss Carman,—for his selections, and has kept in mind throughout the deepest meanings of the day, both as a holy day and as a holiday. He groups the poems in six general divisions, which sometimes overlap,—The Christmas of the Home, of the Soul, of the Wanderer, and of Religion, and Christmas Carols and Christmas Hymns; and he introduces them with an essay on Christmas, which is full of the spirit of the day and especially sympathetic towards children's share in it. The book is well printed and daintily bound.

Mr. Charles R. Van Hise gives his "The Conservation of the Natural Resources in the United States" a title removing all necessity for explaining its scope, but it includes one subject not perhaps foreseen by all readers; and discourses somewhat upon the present opportunities offered by the pursuit of agriculture. For the rest he gives the statistics as to the waste of coal, natural gas, and peat; of the chief metals, precious and otherwise, of water, of forests, of the land itself, and lastly of human life. In some matters he goes whimsically far, when for instance he advises the universal substitution of paper money for metallic currency on the ground of waste, apparently overlooking the possible financial disturbances easily produced under such circumstances, but as a rule he writes very instructively, and on the land question he is at one with Professor

Hopkins, at present the most conspicuous authority. That certain of the matters discussed by him have been more or less entangled with recent politics, and consequently misrepresented, gives double reason for careful attention both to his statistics and to his arguments. The Macmillan Company.

In Mr. George P. Upton's "Standard Musical Biographies" the author has produced a book at least as good as any in the little library which he has written to aid the music-lover in correctly appreciating current musical compositions. The volume includes sketches of about one hundred of the composers whose names occur most frequently on the programmes of to-day and this frequency is the only standard used by the author in selecting names to appear in his pages. To facilitate reference the biographies are arranged in alphabetical order and the most important compositions of each man are printed on a separate leaf. The volume is illustrated by a large number of portraits, views of the homes or birthplaces of composers or of monuments to their memory, and reproductions of famous musical pictures, and it is prettily covered and so bound that it will lie open wherever desired, a good gift not common in books of reference. Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Mr. Edwin E. Slosson's "Great American Universities" (The Macmillan Company) is made up of a series of fifteen articles published last year in *The Independent*, in which the author gave a frank, impartial and often vivacious account of the origin, history, methods, resources and results of fourteen of the leading universities of the country. The articles are prepared with care, and they convey a certain vividness of personal impression by reason of brief periods of residence at each educational centre by which the author prepared himself for his work. The fourteen

universities chosen for these descriptive articles—seven in the east and seven in the west, nine endowed and five state institutions—are the fourteen which stand at the head of the list of the Carnegie Foundation, ranked according to their expenditures. The author's selection, therefore, is not prompted by partiality or the result of chance. Portraits of presidents and views of university buildings furnish subjects for the illustrations.

Lovers of the Elizabethan drama owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Thomas Marc Parrott of Princeton University for his edition of the works of George Chapman, the first volume of which, containing the Tragedies, has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. A second volume will present his Comedies, and a third his Poems, together with a general introduction, a glossary and a bibliography. Chapman has been more neglected than most of the leading playwrights of his time; and it is less than forty years since the first collection of his writings, and that an incomplete one, was published. The present volume, which is carefully edited as to the text, and fully supplied with notes, contains five tragedies which were undoubtedly of his writing and two others which were ascribed to him by the first publishers. The use of thin, light but opaque paper makes the volume easy to hold and pleasant to the eye, although it contains more than seven hundred octavo pages.

The quiet deliberation with which a whole neighborhood is deceived as to the identity of the hero in "The Prodigal Pro Tem" is highly creditable to Mr. Frederick Orin Bartlett, and the manner in which the motives of the deceivers change almost from scene to scene, yet remain quite logical, is almost French in its delicacy. It is impossible while reading this story to avoid contrasting the invincible good-

breeding of its characters with the excessive crudity of those to whom Mr. Bartlett's first book seemed to indicate a determination to devote himself. But it is unkind to remind him of the days when he was green in judgment. His last two stories have shown that he has bent his art to his own uses and the second is infinitely better than the first. The heroine is charming, and the kinswoman who serves as her guide has a sinecure. Mr. Howard Chandler Christy has given the book pictures quite in accordance with its text and showing all the skill for which he has so long been noted among his peers. Small, Maynard & Company.

The United States has good reason to be proud of the way in which the white man's burden has been borne by its representatives in Panama, and Mr. Forbe Lindsay's comprehensive volume, "Panama and the Canal To-day," affords a larger proportion of agreeable reading than one expects to find in a book concerned with the outlying possessions of the republic. The book is divided into two parts,—*"The Canal"* and *"The Country,"* the second including a good history of the region, followed by descriptions of the city of Panama, and its churches; the country and its resources; the ancient graves of Chiriqui, and the interesting remains therein found; the up-country districts, etc. In four appendixes are the Panama Canal Convention, some canal statistics, a list of distances from American and European ports by canal, and a bibliography, including books in French, German and English, documents and reports and magazine papers. Mr. Lindsay has given his book separate maps of the Eastern and Western sections of the country, and of the canal zone, and more than fifty pictures, chiefly views, with the portraits of the Commissioners for a frontispiece. L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Ezra Pound's *"The Spirit of Romance"* is a serious, comprehensive, and in places a somewhat whimsical study of the poetry of the middle ages. The author frankly avows his purpose to instruct, and his aim to instruct painlessly; and he writes of books which possess an interest for readers who are not specialists. The period covered is the entire Middle Ages but each of the ten chapters may be taken separately as the entrance to a little kingdom of delight. Mr. Pound takes his authors from various countries and translates more or less from all of them. His chief subjects are Daniel and the troubadours in general; Dante and other Tuscans; Villon, Lope de Vega and Camoens, but this enumeration gives no idea of the spirit in which he treats each author. His delight in beauty is infectious and those who read the book once will lay it aside for frequent reference. Even as a treasury of good translation of unhackneyed poetry it is valuable, especially to those not quite certain whether or not they themselves are chosen or even called to be poets. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Professor Jastrow's *"The Qualities of Men,"* according to his preface, "represents an expansion of the conclusions of a study, the preliminaries of which are not overlooked but merged in the composite contours of a generalizing interest." That is to say, that while engaged upon an interpretation of what modern psychology has to say on the subject, he found it necessary to analyze the fundamental factors in human nature, and their values in growth, education and vocation, and to make an essay at due appreciation of them a preliminary to a work to be entitled *"Character and Temperament."* The unphilosophical reader will find in it a critical commentary on current literature, light and heavy, on politics and on systems of philosophy, and will en-

joy the just humor displayed in its plea for high valuation of individuality, for encouragement of social sentiment, producing independent opinion, and its free expression. The author has a genius for making profound truths seem simple without falling into commonplaceness or triviality. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Jane Addams's book, "Twenty Years at Hull-House," will be read with eagerness by all who have seen the rapid and beneficent growth of that institution. Aware of the interest which her early life must have for all acquainted with her later achievement, she has given some sixty pages to an account of her youth and a few more to a description of her travels, and then has entered upon a minute description of her experience in a neighborhood settlement, both in its early phases, as a simple charity, and in these later days when so many attempts have been made to drag it into politics, American and European, and when its management has become a matter requiring no little diplomacy and the work has been varied enough to exact both versatility and foresight. The chapter on "Echoes of the Russian Revolution" shows in a striking way the value of Hull House in bringing about an understanding between foreigners and native-born inhabitants of the United States, and reveals what one may call the pliability of human nature in recovering from injury whether moral or physical. The development of the institution makes a remarkable story, and must always stimulate workers in similar fields. It may have an additional value by showing, as it so clearly does, that work of this sort is not to be undertaken lightly, or with any but the highest motives. The Macmillan Co.

The large number of schools of painting included in the old and new Pinakothek enables the authors of the

"Art of the Munich Galleries" to represent the artists of many nations, in the fifty pictures illustrating their book. In its preparation Miss Florence Jean Ansell and Mr. Frank Roy Fraprie have worked together harmoniously and their book is one of the best of the good series to which it belongs. They have chosen rather to use the galleries to illuminate the history of painting than to describe the galleries and settle their rank among collections and the result is more useful and more instructive. Mr. Fraprie enriches this work with brief choice extracts from the criticism of many lands, thus enabling the reader to see what honor the painter had in his own country. In the description of the Schack gallery one is shown what sort of honors await the collector in his native land. The Schack collection, having been open to the public only during the few years since Count von Schack's death, is not well known in this country, and the closing chapter devoted to it will be found very serviceable by travellers, and picture lovers whose travelling is confined to books like these to which both artists and the cause of public education owe a great deal. L. C. Page & Co.

One of the most notable volumes of the season is Mr. Israel Zangwill's "Italian Fantasies." Notable, first, for its size, for a public quite accustomed to gorge itself on novels of four hundred closely-printed pages inclines to partake more sparingly of the essay. Notable, again, for its variety and versatility, for one finds discussion not only of the topics commonly discussed by the traveller in Italy—art galleries, ceremonies, scenery, the doges, the Borgias, Dante, Virgil, Machiavelli, Napoleon, Byron, Shelley, Kents, Garibaldi, and divers other "dead sublimities, serene magnificences and gagged poets"—but rapid and trenchant

comment on all sorts of current questions—pragmatism, the quest for the bacillus, anthropomorphism, woman suffrage, and socialism, of whose futility the author tersely says: "The struggle for existence is the only agency capable of fitting the pegs into the holes." Notable, especially, for its quality, crowded with allusions, lighted by vivid bits of description, frequent flashes of wit, and unlooked-for gleams of mellow sympathy, often biting, sometimes bitter, almost always brilliant. Mr. Zangwill's attitude toward the church is inevitably that of one who feels keenly the injustice done his race, and the candid believer can hardly resent his indignation, or his sneers, or even his flippancy. He has written a fascinating book. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Winthrop Packard's "Florida Trails" is a large volume, a very giant compared with the four earlier books in which he wrote of the flowers, streams and scenery about Boston, and it is illustrated by some photographs of extraordinary merit, both as to subject and execution. The chapter headings at once pique curiosity. "Certain Southern Butterflies," "Jasmine and Cherokee Roses," "Seven Thousand Pelicans," "Just Fishing," and "In a Turpentine Camp" vie with each other for the first reading, till in simple self-defence one is compelled to turn the pages decently and in order, though even then one often prefers to re-read a chapter rather than go on and leave it. So much has been written about Florida that it will astonish most readers to discover how much had been left unwritten. Of the behavior of the birds among the grape-fruit, for example, Mr. Packard is the first to give an agreeably unscientific description, and it is to him that many Northern readers will be indebted for their first picture of the holly-blossom time which comes to Florida in mid-April. It is

pleasant to see the rapid development which novelty of subject and enlargement of horizon bring to a writer whose observation has been faithfully trained in recording small matters, delicate distinctions and subtle differences, and to feel confident that, whatever field he may next essay, success is assured for him and delight for his readers. Small, Maynard & Co.

Happy, certainly, are the children to whom the season may bring any or all of the old masterpieces of child-literature which E. P. Dutton & Co. publish in a group of "Children's Classics." Here are Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," "The Swiss Family Robinson," "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," all of them edited by Walter Jerrold, who furnishes introductions, and "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Mother Goose Nursery Tales" and "Old Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes," all of them gaily decked out with illustrations in colors and in black and white, and attractively printed and bound. The same publishers offer for the beguilement of young readers a beautiful volume of "Fairy Tales," eleven in number—by Wilhelm Hauff, translated by L. L. Weedon, with six illustrations in color and twice as many in black and white by Arthur A. Dixon. Also, for children of various ages, the Duttons send out a variety of toy books and painting books; "The Airship in Animal Land" described in cheerful verse by Clifton Bingham, and pictured humorously in colors and in black and white by C. H. Thompson; "Fairy Tales in Wonderland" by L. L. Weedon, with some surprising illustrations by E. Stuart Hardy; and "Dutton's Holiday Annual," now in its 23d year of publication, edited by Alfred C. Playne, and full of attractive stories and verses by G. Manville Fenn, E. Nesbit, Clifton Bingham and others and a multitude of illustrations in color and in black and white.



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS. By W. S. Lilly